

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

THE suspension this week of A. E. Ames & Co., brokers and private bankers, was a notable and disturbing event. The occurrence was notable inasmuch as Mr. Ames—who must be regarded not only as the head of the firm, but the body of it—had so long and energetically preached a doctrine which he evidently did not practice. His graces as a citizen were as noticeable as his gifts to religious denominations and to various worthy movements—gifts which did not cease when he must have known that his firm was weak. He was and is treasurer of the funds of the Methodist denomination in Canada; he was president of the Metropolitan Bank, chairman of the Board of Ontario Temiskaming Railway Commissioners, and occupied many places of trust. The most serious, if not financially the greatest situation of responsibility he assumed, was the receiving of savings deposits, which it would appear were not separated from the general funds used for speculative purposes. That the firm advertised and gave an extra percentage or fraction of a percentage for deposits indicated an anxiety to obtain as many as possible of the dollars of the saving public. That the public in large cities as well as in country villages should avoid private banks goes without saying, for the history of these affairs has been one of disaster. That private bankers should ask for these deposits and use them for speculative purposes does not decrease, because of the depositors' folly, the responsibility they assume. No matter how these responsibilities may be estimated by the general public or by those who in religious matters may assume to be the judges of Ames & Co., it is known that acute disaster has been brought to many people by the speculative spirit of a private banking and brokerage firm enjoying all the reputation which goes to ostentatiously religious men when in business. Possibly I have such a poor estimate of the value of the commercial article known as "piety" that I had better not try to grade an article which was so closely associated with stock gambling. Great efforts are being made in Toronto to prevent gambling on a small scale that the gamster may not lose fifteen or twenty or thirty dollars in some play in which he has a fair chance and of which he has some control. One can hardly hope in a city where so much pretentiousness passes for piety to have the police authorities take cognizance of a game in which apparently \$10,000,000 was lost by players who had no control of the market. Much of this may be paid back by a revival of the price of stocks. The game and the limit, however, were fixed by the players, who it appears were not gambling altogether with their own money, but with funds which had been deposited with them, not, presumably, for stock gambling purposes. The market went wrong and A. E. Ames & Co. had to suspend. No one can tell how many people lost the savings of a lifetime through the operations of this gentleman—or these gentlemen—who was such a power in prayer and was supposed to be such a giant in finance. The worship of riches and the kissing of the hands of the powerful are so prevalent in Toronto that the sympathy of the newspapers apparently goes out to Ames & Co. and not to the losers. This seems to me to be a wrong attitude, and one which encourages speculation with money which the ones with whom it has been deposited have no right to use. Some time ago a broker who banked all he had and could obtain upon a rise in stocks was suddenly made a millionaire and everybody loved him accordingly. Had he missed his guess on the stock market he would have been ruined and would have ruined his friends. We now see an example of a man who has not only injured but has severely wounded those who stood next to him. The attitude of the newspapers should certainly have been different in both cases. The man who risked all and won was as culpable as the man who risked all and lost; the only difference between the two is in the matter of judgment.

Have we had a little too much of this combination of goodness and grab? The general public are prone to judge a man by his donations to churches and benevolent movements. Benevolent movements I have always insisted should be purely a matter of what the state is entitled to do for the indigent and unfortunate. Church movements, on the other hand, I have always contended, should not be associated with progressiveness; they are purely a matter of "piety." Certainly piety and business should not be intermixed—except people work their piety harder than their business—because apparently the most pious people cause the greatest calamities in business circles, becoming as they do overated by a seeming profusion of money and an ostentatious generosity. We can very well afford to do without men who make their business extraordinarily large by the length and publicity of their prayers and the size of their donations to religious objects. I do not like to appear to be rubbing it into anybody who has been unfortunate, for the chief man has been influential and useful, yet in my criticism of Ames & Co. I am remembering not the unfortunate firm, but the unfortunate customers and the very lofty attitude of the gentleman who has gone down amidst the crash of millions with still the flavor of superiority in his requiem. His fate is less serious than that of the old man who lost a few hundreds or thousands, or even appears to have lost it temporarily. The financial connections of Mr. Ames, who counts more than his underlings who put on so much "dog" when they drove down to the office, will no doubt enable him to rise from the wreck he has brought about his firm.

The losses of the depositors in the Atlas Loan Company of St. Thomas, which was forced to close its doors by Mr. Wallace's connection with the Ames firm, and the loss of the depositors in the main institution, or if they do not suffer a loss, the mental tribulation that they will have to undergo, should certainly wipe out any lingering regret we might have for the downfall of a financier who was playing for very much money with the small savings of those who had nothing except what they had confided to his care. The advance of this firm to a high pinnacle of financial importance has been phenomenal. Possibly they may remember elbowing off the ladder of success some whose fate is not now more deplorable than theirs. It is quite possible that within the memory of the head of it there can be recollected the pushing of the elbow into the ribs of men who fell with a thud from the rounds of apparent success. A financier cannot be unselfish, or at least he thinks he cannot, and we must not mistake the general grief for the failure of such a firm for personal sympathy, for the losers in the gigantic commercial enterprise may be rightly gauged as being sorry for themselves and regretful of their losses rather than consumed with grief at the disaster of those who have involved so many.

It will be interesting to note the attitude of the Methodist Church in this disturbing event. The day before Mr. Ames was made treasurer they carried a resolution against gambling. Can they consistently retain as treasurer a man who was engaged in stock speculation or stock gambling, whichever we see fit to call it—a treasurer who has been unable, temporarily at least, to pay his debts? It will be also interesting to note whether the positions he was appointed to by reason of his money rather than his brains will adhere to Mr. Ames after his money is gone and his brains have been demonstrated to be capable of making very serious mistakes. The world is wide and men are many, but unto those who have it appears to be the habit to give all that is to be given. Mr. Ames will be very fortunate if he discovers that when he has not, others will be willing to thrust favors upon him.

THE report of the Royal Commission on the Gagey charges has been made public and is favorable to Mr. Stratton and to the Government. The Commissioners evidently placed the accuser as well as the accused on trial, and their findings will be relished by the former less than the latter. The report and comments of the judges will naturally form the subject of much discussion, probably not at all of a unanimous character, and the public will still exercise the privilege of forming its own judgment. Pending an opportunity to examine the findings of the Commission with greater care, "Saturday Night" reserves further comment on this extraordinary episode in our politics.

IT is hard to do away with old-fashioned observances. Years ago, when children attended school eight or ten hours a day for perhaps six days out of the seven and for eleven months of the year, it was a welcome and generally expected thing that a holiday be asked for the pupils whenever a distinguished person visited a school. This was, of course, a relic of feudalism when the peasants on an estate were given similar privileges on a like occasion. This is not a feudal country. The number of school days has greatly changed within the memory of the older people who still survive, and it seems to me a piece of impertinence for visitors in either a public or a private school to ask that to the extraordinary number of holidays already provided an additional one shall be set apart in honor of the visit. It is announced that His Excellency the Governor-General has asked that all the children of Toronto Public schools be given an additional holiday in honor of his visit to this city. The additional holiday will be either on Friday, the 26th of June, or Tuesday, the 30th, both days bordering so closely upon the summer vacation as to thoroughly disturb the final exercises and examinations of the term without giving any additional pleasure or health to the children who should be closely employed winding up their studies for the half-year. Inspector Hughes is said to advocate that the last two days of the month be cut off the children's work days, and two additional holidays thus given them, in order to comply with the Governor-General's request.

Why twenty-seven thousand five hundred children should receive two days in excess of what is considered necessary for their health and recreation to honor the whim of "my lord" or the notion of "my lady" does not appear to the average reader. That Inspector Hughes should join in this silly request seems but an additional indication that he is unfit for any occupation but crouching by the side of the chairs of the great.

It is not the Public schools only which suffer from this sloppy tendency to ask that holidays be granted to pupils. Victoria Day was celebrated on Monday; Saturday and Sun-

day itself is a cut and dried affair arranged before the meeting takes place. It must be remembered by those who are so violently opposed to my continuing to "hurry" on this subject, that I have made no complaint except with regard to the management. One properly equipped and well trained woman could manage the whole affair, while twenty must necessarily make a failure of it. The charity is a gentle and necessary one—one that I propose to see bettered, not killed—and I would not for the world do it any harm; I am simply trying to do it good, and to make its administration better it must be taken over by the Government, or those who occasionally fuss around and think they are managing it must fully delegate their authority to one competent person. Because this movement is unpopular amongst the society ladies who have it in charge I do not propose to drop it, and they may as well understand that I am not getting my information from eccentric and violent people, but from calm and well-informed persons who have the charity at heart and understand that its administration must be reformed. It will be painful if I am forced week after week to ask for the resignation or proper retirement of those who have innocently permitted this unfortunate state of affairs to be brought about. Their explanation which was handed in to "Saturday Night" last week about an hour before we were going to press, is altogether too lengthy and burdensome and unsatisfactory to be again published, as it has already appeared in the daily papers, and I am informed that it is not a statement by the board, but by a clique that runs the board. As this is the case I feel that nothing has yet been properly answered, and will not be until there is an open and thoroughly untrammelled public investigation if this must precede a change of management.

NOT long ago I had an article dealing with the impropriety of a Government "in extremis" being asked for an increased sessional indemnity. The evening organ of the Government on Monday admitted that the Cabinet is considering and will decide when the supplementary estimates are



THE POOR, OVERWORKED SCHOOLBOY.

James L. Hughes:—Aren't you glad, Sammy, that we upper form fellows got you another extra holiday?  
Sammy:—Bet yer life; 'cause I ain't had more'n five or six in the last two weeks.

day were holidays; His Excellency happened to visit Upper Canada College and asked that Friday be made an additional holiday in his honor, though Thursday was Games Day. It was granted. I submit that boys, particularly those who are residents of this institution, are done a rank injustice by such a procedure. They had but recently returned to school after nearly two weeks' holidays at Easter, and had hardly got settled down to study before nearly five days' break was made in their work. Parents who pay \$125 a term of perhaps only about ten weeks for resident pupils at Upper Canada College do not expect to have their boys turned loose to loaf about the campus for such extended periods. No excuse seems to be passed over by those in charge of these boarding-schools, of letting the boys get away from their tutors to loaf around residence or skylark amongst one another, bumping what little they have learned out of their youthful heads. His Excellency the Governor-General and His Worship Inspector Hughes should be the last people on the list to encourage these nonsensical practices.

IT is not my intention to inflict upon the readers of this page any further long articles with regard to the Home for Incubables. Neither do I intend that this subject shall be dropped, for not since the beginning of this unhappy dispute have I received such an extraordinary number of communications as have come to me this week. Two of these communications were in the shape of interviews with people whose intelligence, prudence, prominence and experience cannot for a moment be doubted. It would be impossible without going far beyond the confines of the law of libel to repeat all that has been said to me, but it has been made clear beyond the slightest doubt that the Home is badly managed, that neither the individuality nor the strength of character necessary to the conduct of such an institution is to be found in those in charge. The influence of one individual, it is said, dominates the board of management, and it has been fearlessly alleged that the "lady board" has practically everything to say in the control of the Home. It may be necessary to state that sometimes the feminine influence is exercised, as one shrewd gentleman stated, by a "barren woman" through her husband. Altogether the situation looks worse to me than it has at any time previously, and I still think there is nothing for the board of management, much good as it has done, but to resign in a body after placing a competent person in entire management of the concern, awaiting the action of the Government.

One of the gentlemen with whom I have been talking called attention to the fact that the revenue of the Home is about \$17,000 a year, some \$15,000 of which comes from pay patients, endowment, municipalities and the Government, the other \$2,000 being by voluntary subscription. "Yet," says he, "the entire management is permitted to fall into the hands of those who donate the small amount which is raised by subscription. Anybody who subscribes two dollars can be elected a member of the committee or help elect one at the annual meeting which is presumed to elect the board, though the

brought down, whether the members are to have an increased allowance. Some musty regulation which says "the allowance is to be six dollars a day unless otherwise determined" has been unearthed and is likely to be acted upon. That this rule has not been followed, but a lump sum granted to the members of the Assembly, only places the Legislature in a more unpleasant attitude. If the statute quoted is in force the members have been getting more than their share. If the previous six hundred dollars a year is to be increased to a thousand, the cut-purse business will be still more conspicuous considering the circumstances. The "Star" in speaking about the matter, says, "The Ministers are not saying anything as to what they will do. The private members are making bets of even money with one another as to whether there will be an increase or not." Really the Legislature is getting to be almost as interesting a place as the Woodbine. The Ministers seem to be the starters, and are taking the responsibility of encouraging their followers to make bets as to how the public money will be spent. Until the present it was supposed that the Legislature in bringing down the supplementary estimates decided matters such as these, but now we find that in an hour of extraordinary tension the Government are running things and telling the Legislature what to do, believing, no doubt, that in this case the Legislature will act in its own individual interest, not giving any particular damn for public opinion, which may be rightfully enough estimated as having been outraged up to the limit.

IT will be a wonder if the authorities entrusted with the granting of licenses to theaters can withstand the somewhat humorous yet diffusive article in the "News" of Saturday describing a night at the Star Theater. The allegations made in a rather verbose way are too serious to be passed frivolously over by the men at the police desk. The whole tendency of the article is to show how sickening the show was even to a decent racehorse man. It has not yet been explained why the police should permit this offensive place to do business. When selling the property to the theater or disposing of the police interest in it, was an arrangement made to protect the proprietor for a certain length of time? The question is pertinent, for in a town that presumes to be decent nothing of the sort should be tolerated.

IT is evident that the Library Board needs watching. In fact, every board needs watching which, while administering public business, fails to consult the public, and by every possible means in its power avoids criticism. It appears that a bill has been printed by the Ontario Legislature preparatory to presentation annulling the Municipal Act limiting the impost for the Toronto Public Library to a quarter of a mill, the amount to be levied in excess of the old limit to be used to acquire sites. This "further rate" is to be imposed "as may be necessary to raise the moneys required to pay the interest and principal or sinking fund on moneys borrowed for the purpose of acquiring a site and purchasing or erecting buildings." Even City Solicitor Caswell, who has not shown

himself to be a very suspicious official, sees in this new measure the possibilities of the Library Board taking matters into its own hands. If the Library Board has been going to the Legislature and asking for new powers without consulting the people who are to pay the bill, it has certainly acted in a most impertinent and improper manner. The bill itself is not one which was likely to be offered to any community without being petitioned for. Of recent years the Library Board has acted as if it had no masters and proposed to do things according to its own sweet will. The whine to Carnegie for help was but one incident; the proposed location of the Library building is another; and if the Library Board is guilty of asking for special legislation without being authorized to do so, it is a third and overwhelming proof that these people who are in charge of the books we borrow imagine that they are inspired educators of a measly public which they do not need to take into their confidence. There ought to be some way of sitting upon these people.

CAN it be that we read aright, or is the "Globe" awary of the Commee Bill and those tricky and insupportable devices by which some corporation sharp in the Government is always able to induce the self-interested but uninjured majority to fasten the clamps of corporations on the cities of Ontario, Toronto in particular? It may be that the Government hopes for but little from the cities except contributions from institutions which it is not impossible provide the truly good with the campaign funds to go to the country. If the "Globe's" stomach has finally been nauseated we may hope for a reform, or we may see in such a symptom evidence of the Government's paralysis and probable death. The "World" tells us that the Opposition is no better, and Whitney et al. shirk the votes which might give us relief. It would indeed be a pleasant thing, something like a beautiful day in spring, if we could only have a Legislature bent upon doing the people's bidding and fulfilling to the greatest possible extent the popular wish. We seem now to have government in spite of the people, an administration which cares more for campaign funds than for the good will of the unpurchasable part of the electorate. When anything is asked of the present Administration we have men like Attorney-General Gibson shouting back at us that we are trying to make political capital, trying to interfere with "vested rights," and are told to go and bury ourselves or pollute our soil till it gets better. The Ontario Attorney-General has pretty nearly arrived at that point where he will be pushed off the platform and miss the next train. And it will be little enough, too.

THE death of Senator O'Brien of Montreal leaves the Dominion Senate absolutely at the disposal of the Ottawa Government. It would be encouraging to hear that now that it is within the power of these gentlemen they will proceed actively to reform this political boneyard. When the Liberal party was in opposition the odors from the Senatorial Gethsemane were exceedingly obnoxious, and the shouters proclaimed that all they were waiting for was an opportunity to plow under the skulls and shank-bones of these badly decayed politicians. There has been no sign that any more use is being made of the Senate than of yore. Now that it is simply an echo of the lower House the trifle of good it managed to do when in opposition becomes an impossibility to those who tacitly or directly pledged themselves before they took their seats to support the Liberal policy, making no reservation as to whether that policy should be right or wrong. I have never been one of those who ventured to taunt the Liberal party with its conspicuous reversal of what had been the tariff policy of the Opposition. The conditions which cause the imposition of tariffs change; the affairs of a country must be dealt with as circumstances demand. No political party can have as a fixture a tariff idea. Circumstances have not changed with regard to the Senate. Its usefulness has not increased. No inherent power for good has been discovered. It continues to be as it always has been, the junk-shop of a political foundry. The old plows which used to line up furrows in Grit campaigns; the old hoes which pulled off the nubs of hard clay in the fields of politics; the old mowers which cut the wire grass in the back townships; the antiquated reaper and mower which brought in the harvest to keep the Liberal Opposition alive; the old threshing-machine which banged out its discordant music on the Grit side of the Ottawa barn when the crops were being threshed; the antediluvian fanning-mill which was supposed to separate the grain from the chaff before the stuff was marketed to the electorate—these old things are all out in that Senatorial backyard drawing \$1,500 a year and mileage, entirely forgetful of their vows that there should be no such scrap-iron pile if they ever got into power. It is a beautiful larva, and the sooner that some peddler comes along and buys that political junk, hauls it to a furnace and has it melted over into something that has shape and usefulness, the better it will be for the Canadian people.

THE proposal to elect the city Controllers by popular vote is in itself a good one, for men must be somewhat larger than ward politicians to attract the votes of the whole city. The tendency when instituting reforms to carry them too far is evinced in the measure now before the Legislature. Cumulative voting, whereby every elector has the privilege of voting as often as there are candidates or of giving all his votes for one candidate, is a pernicious innovation and should not be tacked on to the bill empowering Toronto ratepayers to elect their Controllers at large. Such a measure would make class representation an accepted feature in our governing body. For instance, if four Controllers were to be elected and every elector had a right to vote four times, either for the four different people or four times for one person, the result can be easily foreseen. For instance, all the people who believe with Alderman Spence and are anxious to see him elected Controller, would vote four times for him, to the disregard of the remainder of the board. This would probably ensure his election by the Prohibitionists and their church allies. Then, again, if Alderman Burns were a candidate for a controllership there is little doubt that every Roman Catholic in the city would vote four times for him and ensure his election. If Alderman Loudon were a candidate we may be pretty sure that the majority of Conservatives and Orangemen would make certain of his election, by each one placing all or nearly all his votes opposite his name. Nothing could be more certain to result in class representation. If cumulative voting is to be the rule, let it be the law that no ballot paper shall be counted upon which four marks have not been placed indicating that the voter has signified his preference for four different people. To a great extent this would prevent the bunching of votes and would result, as cumulative voting is intended to result, in each man expressing his preference for a number of candidates instead of, as in the old fashion, only being able to express his preference for one. This matter is much more important than it looks upon the surface, and unless we are to have confusion worse confounded we must have either the old-fashioned class of voting or a compulsory use by every voter of each ballot at his disposal marked for a separate person.

NOW that the United States is getting down to the details of building the Panama Canal, many of the domestic questions which have rent the Union into many camps are looming up. On the old canal the contractors depended largely upon Jamaica negro labor, but now it is intended to draw upon the negro population of the South, supplemented by laborers from China, Japan and the West Indies. As soon as these foreign laborers begin work a storm of opposition is expected from the labor unions of the United States, who are well known to be violently opposed to alien workmen of any kind being imported to compete with themselves. The country through which the canal passes is exceedingly unhealthy, and the bones of tens of thousands of workmen are either whitening on the surface or buried but a few inches in the soil. It will probably make very little difference to the executives of the unions, for they will resist, if their records count for anything, the importation of men who can stand the sun, the climate, the miasma and the labor. It will be an interesting thing to see how this works out.



## Social and Personal.

**A** GARDEN party which will be reckoned historic, because the last given in their home by the master and mistress of Rosedale House, one of the most notable of the old family residences of Toronto, took place in that lovely suburban home on Wednesday. Never has the beauty of the lawn, the clustering trees, and the wooded ravine been more appealing or perfect than on the sweet June afternoon when for the last time a gracious hostess and a host who has no peer for popularity in Toronto welcomed a very smart and happy assembly of friends, young and old, to this pretty out-of-door function, at which the two elder daughters of the Governor-General were the guests of honor. A spacious lawn stretches before Rosedale House, bordered by a deeply wooded ravine, on the crest of which runs the shady "lovers' walk." In the midst of this lawn was the reception party, and near by, a buffet was spread with all the season's dainties and decorated with pink flowers. A twin buffet was arranged just north of the house on the other side of the carriage-way, and also charmingly decorated. Carriages did not enter the grounds, with the exception of those bearing the young people from the vice-regal residence, who came from a luncheon at Glenedyth, and the landau of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, who was accompanied by Mrs. Mortimer Clark, their elder daughter, and Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C. The splendid band of the 48th Highlanders, with their imposing leader, Mr. Slatter, in all the picturesque of their national dress, played in front of Rosedale House during the afternoon, and it was late when the strains of "God Save the King" speeded a few intimates on their lingering way out of the sylvan paradise. Among those who enjoyed this perfect hour were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and her tall young son, Eric, Miss Kirkpatrick, Captain and Mrs. Arthur J. Kirkpatrick, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. R. Cockburn, Lady Thompson, Miss Frankie Thompson, the Misses Merritt, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Lady Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Andrew Darling, who is being made much of as a recent bride; Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout, Miss Evelyn Ridout, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Oliver Howland, and his pretty niece, Miss Howland; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. Macculloch, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Miss Renton, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Oliver, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Miss Williams, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, who came in with the Misses Mackenzie from the races, quite happy over the winning of the King Edward Gold Cup by Mr. Mackenzie's fine nag, "Wire-In"; Mrs. Bruce Riddard and her charming guest, Miss Fitzhugh, who looked so pretty in a sky-blue chiffon frock with discs of silk; Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa, Miss Thorburn and Miss Grace McFavish, Mrs. John Heward and Mrs. Winn, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Heward, Mrs. and the Misses Cattanch, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Buchanan, Mrs. Victor Williams, Captain Bell and Captain Graham, A.D.C.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. Payne and Miss Todd, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Jones, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. and Miss Mary Davidson, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Miss Denison, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme and the Misses Denison, Mrs. and Miss Eva Delamere, Mr. des Voeux, Colonel Stinson, Mrs. and Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Colonel Field, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. and Miss Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer and the Misses Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Charles McInnes, Miss Augusta Hodgins, Miss Blaikie, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. James Ince, looking very graceful in a shirred white crepe gown; Mrs. FitzGibbon, Miss Kerr, Miss Hugel, Miss Langmuir, Dr. and Mrs. Allen Baines, Mrs. Boswell, Miss Cruso, Mrs. John Gillespie, Miss Deda Gillespie, Canon and Miss Cayley, Mr. Charles Fleming and the Provost of Trinity, and many another well-known mounds. Rosedale House and grounds are to be put on the market, and one of our beauty spots of historic interest has probably seen its last gala day. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliott drove away followed by three hearty cheers.

A "beauty" dinner was given at Chudleigh on Tuesday evening by Mr. Beardmore and Mrs. Fiske, after which some delightful music was provided by some of the fair women and their cavaliers. Mrs. Harry Osborne sang her pretty song, "The Jewel of Asia," in geisha costume; Mrs. Bromley Davenport sang several pretty new songs, and others contributed to the artistic little programme, Captain Graham being comical as ever in one of his good "funnigrams." Other guests were Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. Macculloch, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. Francis, Captain Bell, Mr. Arthur Guise and Mr. Alfred Beardmore.

The Governor-General and his party, as I mentioned last week was intended, went to Muskoka on Wednesday evening and had a perfect day Thursday for their jaunt through Canada's playground. They were seen off by a party of Toronto friends who sent hearty good wishes after them, and they left behind pleasant memories and thorough appreciation of their kindness, courtesy and tact.

Colonel J. C. Macdougall of St. John's, Que., Major Victor Williams of Stanley Barracks, and other officers from elsewhere, sail to-day for England for a sojourn at Aldershot and other depots.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Selwyn took possession of their temporary residence 64 Madison avenue, this week. Both ladies are welcomed back and will, I hear, remain in Toronto for the rest of this year. Their friends have found themselves not forgotten by the generous pair, sundry interesting gifts from abroad reposing in many homes about the

## TYPES OF CANADIAN BEAUTY.

VI.



(Photo by Fraser Bryce.)

city. Mrs. Selwyn has thoroughly enjoyed her residence in an Indian "station," as the wife of a popular officer, but is very glad to renew her friendships in her native city, where family affairs will keep her resident for some time.

The June brides are monopolizing the stage just now, and half-a-dozen weddings have brightened the past week, while half-a-dozen more are on for the next. On Wednesday white-ribboned whips were waving in every direction and visions of spick and span bridegrooms and lovely brides peeped from the recesses of the enshrouding brambles as they were whisked separately to the church and blissfully in company to the railway station. Among interesting weddings on Wednesday was one at All Saints', whereat Dr. Victor Howard McWilliams of Peterboro' and Miss Josephine G. Sheppard, the clever daughter of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, were made husband and wife. The rector performed the ceremony, assisted by a cousin of the bride, Rev. Joseph Sheppard of Coldwater. The robe des noces was very lovely, white satin en train with fan flounces of chiffon touched with silver; a bertha of rare point lace, gift of her mother, finished the bride's dainty bodice, which had angel sleeves of white chiffon. The bouquet was of orchids and the veil of Brussels lace, which has been in the family of the bride's mother for five generations and worn by its fair brides. Miss Steiner was maid of honor and Miss Olive Sheppard, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Their gowns were of white organdie and hats of chiffon, with touches of pink, and bouquets of bridesmaid roses. Mr. Roland McWilliams, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Norman Wylie, Dr. O'Brien and Mr. Harry Boomer. Miss Adelaide Sheppard sang and Mr. Blakeley played during the service. A reception was held at Mr. Sheppard's home in Pembroke street, where flowers, music and the nicest of refreshments served to enhance the pleasure of the party. Dr. and Mrs. McWilliams have gone east for their honeymoon, and will reside in Peterboro'. Quaint favors of golden shepherd's crooks were the gifts worn by bridesmaids and ushers.

The vice-regal hospitalities this week included a luncheon on Sunday for His Excellency's special aides from Stanley Barracks, at which Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser were also among the guests, and after which the vice-regal party motored out to the Dale conservatories; a dinner on Monday, and another on Tuesday, and a luncheon on Wednesday. No one can say that hospitality has languished at the vice-regal residence, and considering the fact that it was the first time the Governor-General confronted Toronto as a host, the favors of invitations were dispensed with impartiality and consummate tact.

Captain Bell, A.D.C., one of the enthusiastic motorists of the season, purchased an auto, had three trips in it, and saw it "conflagrate" before his eyes on Sunday week, narrowly escaping a toasting himself. He's a philosopher of the rare sort, and merely thanking his stars he had no inflammable dry goods aboard, ascertained the cause of the catastrophe and bought another auto, with which he is convinced he will have endless fun.

Mrs. and Miss Amy Douglas are visiting their Muskoka home. Rev. Father Davenport has sailed for England. Mr. Arthur Wilkie has gone to rejoin his regiment in England.

On Wednesday afternoon a lovely little bride, Miss Verena Wingate, daughter of Mrs. Wingate (nee Turquand) of 7 Peter street, and Mr. Sydney G. Redway, were married at half-past two in St. John's Church. Rev. Alexander Williams

officiated. The bride is petite, with most beautiful eyes, and never looked prettier than in her dainty white silk gown, with clouds of tulle on her dusky hair and the bridal wreath prettily arranged thereon. Her bouquet was a shower of white carnations, and she was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Ernest Wingate. Miss Florence Turquand, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid in a pale pink frock and hat, and carrying pink carnations. Mr. Edmund Redway was best man. The guests were mostly relatives and connections of the bride and groom, and the reception was held at the home of Mrs. Wingate. Mrs. R. L. Denison of Grimsby (nee Turquand) and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Turquand, Mrs. Herbert Murchison, a bride of last season, cousin of Miss Wingate; Major and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong and Miss Violet Armstrong of Gilnockie, Lloydstown; Mr. T. E. Champion and Miss Champion, Mr. and Mrs. Redway, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Denison were among the guests. The house was decorated with Cape jessamine, sent by Mrs. Troop of Enterprise, Florida, a Southern friend.

Miss Veals of Glen Mawr is giving an At Home next Friday afternoon.

On Wednesday at Baltimore, Md., Mr. J. Alfred Kennard, who has been for some months a popular Torontonion, and Miss Margaret Ridgely of North Calvert street, Baltimore, were married. Mr. and Mrs. Kennard will be in Toronto next week and will take up their summer residence at Sahara, West Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan are summering on the Island. Mrs. H. J. Boulton and Miss Daisy Boulton are in Sandwich. Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank gave a by-by tea on Thursday for Miss Muriel Simpson.

The Argonauts will hold their races and At Home next Saturday afternoon. Mr. J. G. Merriek is secretary, to whom application for tickets may be made. No admission will be had on payment at the entrance the day of the At Home. The committee are Messrs. R. McKay, Claude Macdonell, Captain Barker, Rupert Muntz, W. R. Wadsworth, Major Greville-Harston, James Mackenzie, T. Birchall, Dudley Oliver, Percy Hardisty, Don Bremner, J. W. Barry and T. P. Galt.

The by-by tea for Miss Josie Monahan, given on Monday by her mother, was very pretty and much enjoyed by the guests. The bride-elect is a popular and sweet young girl and her friends are hearty in their good wishes. A few of those at the tea were Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. George Gooch, Miss McDonnell, Miss Mary Mason, Miss Helen Strange.

Those who remember the willow garden tea in the ravine at Ravenswood some years ago will know what a delightful treat is in store for them next Wednesday, when not only the glades and brooks of Ravenswood, but the lovely sylvan park of Glenedyth, are at the disposal of the Daughters of the Empire for a grand woodland fete. The guests will enter by the lodge gate on Davenport road, and the fete will be "on" from half-past three to ten o'clock. Tickets are to be had from any of the Daughters of the Empire, and the charge is a true twenty-five cents—but there will be all sorts of ways to help the Order, if one be that way inclined, during the progress of the fete.

The garden party at Benvenuto last week was, as usual, everything that was pleasant, the beauty of the view and the clearness of the air being exhilarating to a degree. Mrs. Mackenzie and Miss Bertha Mackenzie received at the exit to the verandah and terrace, and guests passed through the beautiful house, to be greeted there with the gentle and pretty cordiality which is one of Mrs. Mackenzie's attractions. Refreshments were served in a marquee on the lawn, and the Italians played dreamy music near it. The Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot were the honored guests, and came with Mrs. Maude. The day was fine, though not so warm as the airy garments of some demanded. Mrs. Arthur Grantham was looking very pretty and wore a smart white dress. Miss Ethel Mackenzie and the youngest daughter, Miss Grace, now growing into a tall young girl, were moving among the guests on the lawn dispensing hospitality. An enumeration of the guests would only be a repetition of the names of the company at the two other large teas described in this week's paper.

"Rosemary" was given too late for a notice this week, but its prophecy was for a huge success. The vice-regal patronage was impossible, much to the regret of all concerned, as His Excellency's stay in Toronto ended the day before the presentation.

The marriage of Mr. Ernest Franklin Lazier and Miss Muriel Simpson will take place on June 17th at 120 Winchester street, the home of the bride's parents.

At the woodland fete next Wednesday the "pieces de resistance" will be high tea and the fancy dances in the Cafe Chantant. The former will enable late afternoon arrivals to remain in comfort for the evening performance and festivities. A palmist will tell queer things, and the Highlanders' fine band will play.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Walker of Detroit have taken Mr. W. G. Watson's house in Ontario street for the summer.

Mrs. Bromley Davenport has taken Mr. J. Enoch Thompson's house, 104 St. Vincent street, for the summer. Chevalier Thompson returned from Spain a few days since, and I believe the family intend to spend the summer on the Island.

Announcement of the marriage of Mr. Charles Strange Macdonald of Cona Lodge, Toronto, and Miss Ethel Margaret Magee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Magee of London which took place on May 26th, has been received by their friends. Miss Magee is a sister of Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C.

Congratulations are flowing in from all sides to Mr. James H. Kennedy, son of Mr. David Kennedy, "Kendon" South Parkdale, on his recent marriage to Miss Ethel Moore of Toronto. The happy couple have taken up their residence at 116 Spencer avenue, Parkdale.

Lord and Lady Minto, with Lady Ruby Elliot and Captain Graham, visited the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, at noon on Monday. The vice-regal party was received by Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, Mr. J. M. Treble and Mrs. Massey-Treble, and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson. A short programme was presented by students of the college in the concert hall, which was artistically arranged for the occasion. Master Wilfrid Stovel, a clever little student, presented Lady Minto with a bouquet.

Miss Olive Barnhart of Brunswick avenue is visiting relatives in Boston.

Senor Manuel Romogosa, wife and daughter, of Guantamano, Cuba, have arrived in town and are visiting Mrs. Neil H. Wilson, Macpherson avenue.

After a short illness from pneumonia, the sweet and lovely young wife of Mr. Squire Sprigge of London, England, who was formerly Miss Mah Moss, daughter of Chief Justice Charles Moss, died in London last week at the early age of twenty-six, leaving two little ones of rare promise, a devoted husband and a large and prominent circle of relatives to mourn her loss.

Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D., of London, England, arrived yesterday on a short visit to his brother, Mr. Goodwin Gibson of 84 Walmer road. Mrs. and Miss McKerrow of Glasgow are to be next week the guests of Mrs. Goodwin Gibson. Dr. Munro Gibson is always much besieged by his Toronto friends and admirers, who regret the shortness of his visits. Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Miss Fanny Fogler, 273 Sherbourne street, and Mr. I. Weill, barrister, of New York, which will take place on the 10th instant.

The marriage of Miss Edythe L. Edwards, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Edwards, and Mr. Bolton Woodthorpe Reade, of Toronto, is arranged to take place June 17th at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale. An informal reception will afterwards be held at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. George Edwards, 28 Jameson avenue, Parkdale.

The marriage of Miss Grace Gertrude Robinson, daughter of Mr. W. J. Robinson, and Mr. Graham B. Kelsey, son of the late Thomas H. Kelsey, will take place in St. Simon's Church, Howard street, June 13th, at 3:30 p.m.

Two errors crept into the columns of page 3 this week. Friday was the day of the polo match and Mrs. Osborne's tea, and Lady Campbell's name was wrongly stated as "Mrs." Campbell.



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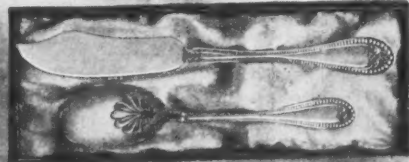
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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Delamere of Cecil street is going to Niagara during the camp there, and will be away for some time.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Nattress are also going to Niagara during the camp, and will take up their residence at the King Edward in the autumn. I understand Dr. Nattress has selected one of those charming suites overlooking the bay and lake, at the south side of the palace hostelry.

The garrison dinner was honored by the presence of Lord Dundonald, G.O.C., and took place in the ballroom at McConkey's, where a beautifully decorated horseshoe table extending a long way down the room was set. At the upper division the regimental plate and "mull" shone bravely and hundreds of exquisite pink roses strewed the table from end to end, while huge bouquets were placed at intervals. When the noble lord took his place of honor and the brilliantly uniformed officers were grouped around the board, it was a sight for a sore eye. Lord Dundonald and Captain Newton were at the Queen's during their stay in Toronto. The Hendrie party also put up at their old favorite hotel during the races, preferring its more retired comfort to the excitement of the King Edward.

It would have been hard to beat the racing weather which has been so large a factor in the success of the spring meeting, which we have all enjoyed so hugely. Scarcely any even half-bad weather has put in an appearance. The whole fortnight has been brilliant, the races full of interest, the attendance wonderful, and the millinery simply ravishing. Every sort of finery has had an airing, and over the sun-dried and dusty grass of the members' lawn have been trailed gowns of sumptuous material and perfect beauty. It has been a display more artistic and attractive than ever, mainly because of the taste for subdued and artistic colors and the great vogue of white. Among the pretty white dresses were the Countess of Minto's quiet little princess gown, with deep cerule lace insertion panels; Mrs. Maude's smart and simple white lustre; Mrs. Riddell's beautiful white embroidered crepe; Mrs. Perry's white dress, with wide-openwork insertions on skirt and coat; Mrs. Jack McKellar's smart and trim white voile; Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly were a very pretty white gown once or twice; the Misses Mortimer Clark wore dainty white gowns, and Mrs. Cook, the winner of many a good thing, wore a lovely white cloth. Mrs. James Grace's white gown was inserted with bisque lace and sewn with tiny crescents of gold, a lovely but very unaggressive robe that repaid observance. Miss Melvin-Jones had a very chic little costume of white, with a walking skirt and fetching little Eton coat. Petite Mrs. Bert Massey trailed an exquisite lace and chiffon gown over the grass. A very lovely white lustre frock was that worn by Mrs. Wallace Jones, the broad sailor collar of Oriental embroidery in white, with palest green and touched with gold, being the gift of her mother, Mrs. Campbell, who sent it from England. Mrs. Herbert Greene also had a handsome white gown, which was much admired and most becoming. Mrs. D. W. Alexander wore on one afternoon a white organdie and lace dress, and one of last season's brides, Mrs. James Fox, Jr., wore a lovely fine muslin, with lace, and the faintest touches of green. Mrs. Gus Burritt wore one of the smart white dresses of the meet, and Mrs. Laurence Buchanan, another, a serge with very trim lines and natty ornaments. Miss B. Lundy of Peterboro' wore white poplin, with Irish lace trimmings on King's Plate day. A lovely gown and very much admired. Miss Athol Boulton was very pretty one day in white serge, with blouse of lace and satin. Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead wore one afternoon a white embroidered gown over pink. Mrs. Arthur Grantham of New York was very smart in white serge and a loose coat to pop on for chilly moments, and her two younger sisters, the Misses Mackenzie of Benvenuto, wore white frocks once or twice. Miss Adele Falconbridge was one day sweetly gowned in white serge. Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet and Miss Gladys Nordheimer were very smart in white. All these and many others made the "white season" as it is called, as sure a thing here as in New York, and the enumeration of their names will surprise unservant people who call the May meeting a blaze of color. I have never seen it more artistically subdued, nor the general effect so pleasing. Here and there a deep note of color was struck. One day Mrs. Osborne appeared in a deep blue and white foulard. Miss Mollie Waldie wore a pretty deep rose gown. Lady Eileen Elliot wore a frou-frou dress of lettuce green; Mrs. James Burnham, an orchid mauve gown, veiled in white lace. Mrs. Boehme and Mrs. Acton Burrows wore yellow and black gowns once or twice. Mrs. Alexander and her niece, Miss Dora Rowand, chose pink frocks, very dainty and smart; so did Mrs. Harry Gamble, and looked very well indeed. The less conspicuous and always elegant gray was easily led by Mrs. R. J. Christie's charming chiffon gown, accented pleated. There were several very handsome cerule lace coats sported by the elite, and some elegant wraps, from the natty little coat of white broadcloth to the sumptuous kimono, long and flowing, of silky cloth, lace and various decorative effects that mean a long price for the cosy garment of Madame la Mode.

The polo match on Saturday was much enjoyed by a crowd of smart people, the Governor-General and Lady Minto and their whole party being at the grounds after the races, and later on taking tea at the Hunt Club as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, who had a big tea on after the polo match. Mrs. Osborne looked quite queenly in a pink gown inserted with bands of cream white lace, and was a charming hostess, while Mr. Osborne was the kindest of welcoming hosts. The tea was served in the club dining-room, and the lawn was never prettier than when the gay company emerged from the shady walk from the polo grounds and lingered a few moments to enjoy the air before tea. Later on a number of small dinners were given at the club and the evening spent most enjoyably. Among those who took tea were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Osborne, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. MacDonald of Winnipeg and her sister, Miss Lockhart, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Clinch, Miss Seymour and Miss Merton of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Miss Barwick, Mrs. Fluke, Mrs.

Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Colonel Field, Miss Dora Rowand, Miss Van Felsom, and dozens of others. Colonel Stimson drove Lady Eileen Elliot, Lady Ruby Elliot and some others to the polo match, and the Governor-General watched the polo from the Stimson coach.

The garden party at Yeaton Hall on Tuesday was one of the successes of the early summer. It was a perfect June day, and the lovely terrace and spacious grounds which lie unsuspected of the uninitiated at the rear of Yeaton Hall were soon after five filled with a company of much smartness. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Cawthra received in the drawing-room, and the guests passed through the familiar second room to the verandah, where and all about the lawn were scores of chairs. A huge marquee with a handsome buffet crowned with flowers and laden with tempting hot-weather dainties was arranged at the north-west corner of the large lawn. Everyone seemed in best spirits, and the guest of honor, Lady Eileen Elliot, in a dream of a gown of delicate green and a white picture hat, and her happy younger sister, Lady Ruby Elliot, a not-out-of-sweet-seventeen, were much admired and welcomed by all. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark (who wore a pretty mauve and white striped silk gown and toque), the Misses Mortimer Clark, who wore white organdie and Valenciennes dresses; Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, the lady quietly and prettily gowned in white and primrose silk, and white ruff and hat; Lady Thompson and the Misses Thompson, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, in silver gray and black, with marabout collet; Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Kirkpatrick, Lady Mulock, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. W. Mulock, in pongee silk, touched with bright red; Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, the lady in an exquisite black lace costume over white and pretty black lace hat; Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, in white, lightly touched with black; Mrs. Willie Davidson and her two popular daughters, looking very girlish and pretty; Mr. and Mrs. John Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, in a white gown and hat; Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Greene of Ravenswood, Miss Nordheimer of Glenlyth, Miss Muriel Burroughs of Ottawa, very dainty in a black gown; Mrs. Bromley Davenport, in a smart pale gray homespun; Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie and her guest, Miss Mackenzie and her young son; Lady Howland, Miss Bessie Bethune, Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, Miss Dwight, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mrs. Prince, in pink, with beautiful lace, and Miss Ross; Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft and her guest, Miss McKenough of Chatham, who was very smart and graceful in pale gray voile; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, the lady in a perfect cream gown and toque; Major Brock, Captain and Mrs. Burnham, Colonel Stimson, Major Tassie, Mrs. Clinch, Miss Sybil Seymour, in a smart summer muslin; Mr. Shirley Denison, the Misses Michie, Mr. W. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, the lady in a light gray cloth costume and hat touched with pale blue; Miss Melvin-Jones, in a lovely gown and hat; Miss Florence Patterson, in a mauve muslin, trimmed with white lace and stylish tabs and tassels; Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Frederick Jarvis, the Misses Brock, Miss Langmuir, a perfect garden party girl, in a lovely muslin frock, with deep cerule lace falls, a floating sash of pale green satin, and a charming hat, covered with white and pink flowers; Miss Dora Rowand, in pink frock and hat; Miss Amo Osler of Craigleith, in pale blue, and her guest, Miss Gwynn, looking very charming; Miss Morrison, in a handsome gray gown; Miss Gyp Armstrong, a marvel of slender grace in pale green grenadine; Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House, in pale blue figured organdie; Mrs. J. M. Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Miss Denison of Sandhurst, the Misses Denison of Rusholme, Dr. and Mrs. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Captain Bickford, Mr. Oscar Bickford, Captain Bell, Captain Graham, Mr. Arthur Guise, Dr. Bruce, Mrs. and Mr. John Cawthra of Guiseley House, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, the Misses Harman, Mrs. and Miss Cattaneach, Mr. Douglas Young, Mrs. FitzGibbon, looking very charming in black, with lace Eton over primrose silk; Mr. and Mrs. Mason of Ermeleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. C. C. and Miss Baines, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Miss Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Florence Spragge, the Misses Brock, Canon and Miss Cayley, Mr. Wylie Grier, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. MacDonald, Captain Michie, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Miss Mary Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and Miss Thompson, Mrs. Schoenberger and Miss Tate, Mrs. Boswell and Miss Cruso, Dr. Bruce, Captain Barker, were a few of the guests. The 48th Highlanders' Band played beautifully on the lawn, and a photographer took several groups of the most distinguished guests who were invited and stayed until seven, loth even then to leave.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson is still quite a helpless invalid from the injury done to her knee and ankle by her fall three weeks ago. The sympathy of her friends has been shown by the numerous enquiries and gifts of the most gorgeous roses, American Beauties a yard high being simply stacked about her drawing-room, from which apartment she has never been moved since her accident. Though suffering excruciating pain, Mrs. Patterson has been most brave, patient and cheerful.

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## Curious Bits of News,

An egg-laying contest will be the next international event. Twenty-one of the best hens in the United States have sailed from San Francisco to compete for a year with an equal number of Australian hens. The Australian Government paid the traveling expenses of the Yankee poultry, and at the end of the year will buy six of the hens at twenty-five dollars apiece. The others will be disposed of by public auction.

A saleswoman in a Paris dressmaker's establishment, whose salary was twenty-five hundred dollars a year, accepted an offer of three thousand dollars from a rival firm, and promised to forfeit two thousand dollars if she broke the new contract. Thereupon her employer advanced her salary to thirty-seven hundred dollars, and agreed to pay the forfeit provided she would make no change. These figures have recently been brought out in a French court of law.

Much interest has lately been aroused in London by two surgical operations which have resulted in a marked change of character in the patients. One was that of a boy of good family who had developed strangely brutal instincts. A clever surgeon examined him with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a piece of the skull, and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The lad was restored to his parents a normal and lovable child. The other case was that of a soldier who, after an injury in a skirmish, developed a propensity for theft. An operation on the brain cured him.

Lord Wemyss has the unique distinction of being the only man who ever struck the present King of England. It happened during a debate in the House of Lords, when the King, then Prince of Wales, occupied a seat in front of Lord Wemyss, who was speaking with a great deal of animation. While emphasizing a point he brought his fist down on top of the Prince's silk hat with such force that the hat was smashed in and pushed down over the eyes of the royal listener. Apologies followed. The Prince remarked that he appreciated the force of Lord Wemyss's remarks, and then moved out of range of the lord's energetic arm.

Marie Corelli is out on the warpath again, the object of her wrath this time being Andrew Carnegie. She tried to see the multi-millionaire in London, the other day, to protest against his alleged vandalism of demolishing two ancient houses in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, to erect a Carnegie free library. But the steel king declined to see the fiery little novelist, who has recently written some slighting things about him for the press. Mr. Carnegie explains his position thus: "When I gave the money at the request of the local authorities for a free library my responsibility ceased. I have no right and do not wish to interfere with the action of the local authorities in selecting a site. I am quite sure they are as anxious as Miss Corelli to destroy no relic of Shakespeare."

## The Tiara of Saitaphernes.

IF the Oriental King Saitaphernes had, before his death, come in contact with some soothsayer, and through him become apprised of the various phases of the Dreyfus case, he would, no doubt, have felt pretty sure that his name could not possibly be linked with events from which his own life was separated by a lapse of more than two thousand years. His confidence would have been due simply to the fact that he and his contemporaries were sadly unacquainted with the practices of shady art dealers and modern political pamphleteers.

The disagreeable plight in which the Louvre Museum now happens to be is known through the whole artistic and archaeological world. A few years ago the officers of the Museum were offered a lot of antique, or supposedly antique, works of art, among them a magnificent gold tiara, covered with Greek designs and inscriptions, which was declared to have at one time reposed upon the head of King Saitaphernes. The price asked for the lot was two hundred thousand francs. The bargain was not easy to strike. The tiara might not be authentic; then, it was toward the end of the fiscal year and the appropriation at the disposal of the Museum for the enlargement of its collections was nearly exhausted. The thing went through, however; eminent archaeologists vouched for the authenticity of the antiques, declared to have been dug out near Odessa, on territory having belonged to the old kingdom of Pontus, and friends of the Museum advanced the purchase money. Thus there was no fear that the precious tiara might adorn the galleries of the British Museum, and remain as a reminder of a new victory of England over France. There were some sceptics, however, who were not quite convinced that the articles purchased by the Louvre were quite so old as they were claimed to be; who believed, even, that their age

## Snap, Push and Go

Is What One Should Get from Food.

A young St. Louis lady learned a food lesson she won't forget. She says: "I suffered from indigestion for nearly 10 years and although I tried all kinds of foods for breakfast I could not eat any of them until one day I discovered Grape-Nuts, and now I wonder how I ever did without it."

"I am a stenographer in a business office and need all the energy possible, but I formerly spent the greater part of every morning wishing I had gone without breakfast, for I was continually reminded of it by the uncomfortable distressed state of my stomach. How much ability I lost through this I could not tell you, but now all is different, for I eat some fruit and a saucer of Grape-Nuts and work hard all the morning, and never think about my stomach until lunch time comes."

"I feel the good effects of Grape-Nuts in a sharpened brain, better memory and increased thinking capacity. The only difficulty I have about it is that I never want to limit myself to the required amount, for I love it so." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. There is a reason why Grape-Nuts sharpens the brain.

It's fun to make new and delicious desserts by the recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

might be expressed more accurately with one figure, or perhaps with two, than with four. The tiara, however, brilliantly glittered, dazzling the multitude from the top of an isolated pedestal, until the German archaeologist, Puerwangler, published over his own signature a dissertation maintaining by the aid of most serious arguments that the famous headpiece was entirely spurious and most humiliatingly modern. The controversy went on for a while, for the tiara had its defenders as well as its traducers, when suddenly a man appeared who exclaimed: "Me, me, adsum qui feci!" His name was Elina, but he was better known under the alias of Mayence. He lived in Montmartre, and claimed that the famous tiara, made illustrious as the home of the Parisian "Chansonniers," had also the glory of having been the birthplace of the much-talked-of tiara. For a while he was the man of the day. But he soon had to retire into ignominious obscurity, for it was demonstrated beyond possible contradiction that, whether spurious or authentic, whether coming from an ancient Eastern palace or a modern junk shop, the costly Louvre purchase had started for its westward voyage from the neighborhood of Odessa.

It was then that the French Government commissioned one of the leading French archaeologists, Monsieur Clermont-Ganneau of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, thoroughly to examine the tiara, and report upon its authenticity. Another claimant had appeared for the tiara of the antique, a Russian Jew by the name of Rouchomowski. He was sent for, came to Paris at the expense of the French authorities, and seems to have satisfied the learned Academician that all the designs and inscriptions of the tiara were copied by him from books of archaeology, supplied to him by people who, though he was ignorant of their purpose, simply intended to victimize some of the leading European museums. Before he makes his final report, Mr. Clermont-Ganneau is merely waiting until Rouchomowski, whose tools have also been sent for, has made in his presence some piece of work equaling the artistic finish and archaeological accuracy of the tiara. This will be the final test, and of its result there seems to be but little doubt. In the meantime Rouchomowski takes advantage of his unexpected and newly-acquired celebrity to treat the Parisians to an exhibition of his truly admirable carvings.

But Dreyfus? Well, it happens that the friend who enabled the Louvre by a loan (shall we call it timely or untimely?) to add the tiara to its collections was Monsieur Theodore Reinach, the author of a well-known History of Mithridates, that the genuineness of the object was vouched for by his brother, Salomon Reinach, and that both are brothers of Joseph Reinach, whose active campaign in favor of Dreyfus is well remembered. This started Henri Rochefort. The old pamphleteer's temper has been in no way mellowed by his white hair and three and a half score of years. If the Reinachs are in a deal, it can, according to him, but be unholy from top to bottom. What else can be expected from Dreyfusards? Therefore he boldly accuses the Reinachs of having conspired to defraud the French public, and of advancing money to the Louvre only in order to divide with the people from whom the tiara was purchased, Hochman and Vogel!

## Love and the Maidens.

He seemed asleep; his wings were wet With dew; he lay among the flowers, Sweeter than Spring; his radiant curls With primrose and violet Were crowned; and in a silent ring the girls Watched, all an April morning's misty hours.

Not one dared wake him—yet each breast Yearned to be pillow to a thing So fair. "How will he smile?" thought they, "In waking?" But between them pressed One who with laughter bore the rogue away. Ere they had touched a feather of his wing, —From "Songs of Womanhood," by Laurence Alma-Tadema.



ONE of the cleverest bits of fiction among recent publications is the novelette "A Ne'er-do-Well," by Valentine Caryl (London: T. Fisher Unwin). Not only is the story breezy and original in conception: it is told with a grace and fluency of style not often equalled in these days of slipshod newspaper English. In a sense "A Ne'er-do-Well" is a problem novel. Benedetto, the son of a deaf and dumb Italian peasant woman and a penniless Hungarian gypsy, is brought up in the absolute seclusion of a remote mountain wilderness till he is 19 years of age—his mother begging for living and his, but leaving him alone by day in the wilderness lest, learning to speak, he should leave her as his father had done before Benedetto was born. Thus the boy grows up without ever seeing the face of any other than the dumb Anastasia, or ever hearing human speech. His only means of expression was the violin, on which he had taught himself to play a primitive music without form or rhythm, though often verging upon melody—a music spontaneous, subtle, varied, and indefinitely beautiful. When the youth's mother dies, he wanders down from the mountains to the little Italian town of Serravalle, but his own inarticulate tongue proves a barrier between him and his fellow-men. He is adopted by the village priest, Padre Serafino, who teaches him the elements of speech and knowledge. But Benedetto is at heart a savage, and a savage he remains. The interest of the story is in his inability to adapt himself to the conventions and artificialities of civilization—in the cruel misunderstandings that inevitably arise between the untutored mind of the natural man and the sophisticated people who try to be his friends. Benedetto is a great improvisatore on the violin; his weird, natural music—to him a means of instinctive expression, not an art—turns those who hear it mad with enthusiasm. The climax of the story is reached at Florence, where Benedetto, at a great concert, faces a sea of upturned faces and puts his whole soul

into the effort to speak through his violin to these, his fellows, his brothers. "It was music as formless as a bird's song; long-drawn notes, changing as imperceptibly as the shadow of a cloud changes shape in passing; notes, breaking from time to time into impetuous speed, fraught with abrupt transitions that came like flashes of light. He told them of his isolated childhood, in fleeting fragmentary melodies, he entreated them, he called to them in urgent music; it was an insistent cry for the love of humanity." The denouement is to the lover of happy endings a disappointment, but one feels that it is natural and as the world decrees. Fisher Unwin's little "Pseudonym Library" will not lose in reputation from the inclusion of so original a piece of fiction in its list.

The Copp, Clark Company announce the long-expected novel by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, "Gordon Keith." It is a story of great scope, the scene including New York City and Virginia, the period extending from the close of the war well into our own times, the characters being many and varied; the hero a Southerner, the heroine a New York girl, and the plot is broad, full and interesting.

Excerpts from a half dozen of Emerson or William's speeches in "Current Literature" for June show the Kaiser in a most interesting light. The regular departments of the magazine are up to their usual standard. In "Progress of Events" there is an editorial survey of the entire world of politics.

An article that will undoubtedly call forth much discussion is "American Verse," by Louis How in the June "Reader" in which it is very plausibly held that America has produced no great poet and little good poetry. Mr. How's sincerity saves his article from the charge of mere sensationalism, though it is a sensational article. In "These Bones Shall Rise Again" Mr. Jack London has written a glorification of Kipling which will be a great source of joy to all true Kiplingites.

The Bain Book and Stationery Company report the following as the six best-selling books, in the order of demand, during the month of May:

1. "Wee MacGregor," Bell.
2. "Lady Rose's Daughter," Ward.
3. "Lovey Mary," Rice.
4. "Journey's End," Forman.
5. "Garden of Lies," Forman.
6. "Blazed Trail," White.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Mystery of Murray Davenport." A story of New York at the present day. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Illustrated by H. C. Edwards. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company (Limited).  
"Vahnfried." A poem in five cantos. By C. F. P. Conybeare. London: Kegan Paul Company; Toronto: Copp, Clark Company (Limited).  
"Re-echoes from Coondambo." Poems. By Robert Bruce. London: John Long.  
"By Thames and Tiber." A novel. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. London: John Long.

"Mistletoe Manor." A collection of Tales and Sketches. By Hume Nisbet. Illustrated. London: John Long.  
"A Rose of Normandy." By William R. A. Wilson. Illustrated by Oh. Grunwald. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. (Limited).

"Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, with notes on her life and character by D'Alambert, Marmontel, De Guibert, etc., and introduction by C.A. Sainte-Beuve." Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. (Limited).

"The Gold Wolf." By Max Pemberton. Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company (Limited).

"The Banner of Blue." By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: William Briggs.

"The Samaritans." A tale of to-day. By John Alexander Stuart. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

"The Tu-Tze's Tower." A novel. By Louise Betts Edwards. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

"The Better Way." By Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. Toronto: William Briggs.

"The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"Proceedings of the Ontario Association of Architects." Third annual volume. Toronto: The "Canadian Architect and Builder" Press.

## H. G. Wells' Criticism of "Americans."

"Fortnightly Review."

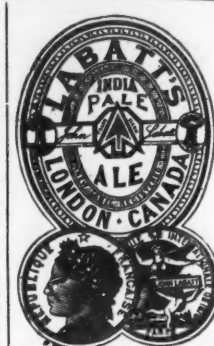
For example, the theory that every man is as good as his neighbor, and possibly a little better, has no check for fools, and instead of the respectful silences of England there seems—to the ordinary English mind—an extraordinary quantity of crude and unsound judgments in America. One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. The real and steady development of American scientific men is marked to the European observer, and it must be greatly hampered by the copious silliness of the amateur discoverer, and the American crop of new religions and new enthusiasms is a horror and a warning to the common

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British intelligence. Many people whose judgments are not absolutely despicable hold a theory that unhampered personal freedom for a hundred years has made out of the British type a type less deliberate and thorough in execution and more noisy and pushful in conduct, real rather than wise. If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vul-

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gar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether. American books, American papers, American manners and customs seem all for the ninety and nine.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 6, 1903. No. 30



THE decadence of the most wholesome little craft ever produced on Lake Ontario is in progress. The day of the sixteen-footer is over—at least so competent judges say.

The modern sixteen-foot skiff was the direct result of an attempt to curb the building of racing machines for the skiff classes—boats which would topple over under their own canvas lying at their moorings. These dangerous old-time skiffs were the outcome of rules which recognized only water-line length and canvas as a class measurement. The result was that beam was reduced and canvas was piled up until the man with the heaviest crew stood the best chance of winning when there was anything above a zephyr moving. These boats were seldom used except on race days. It was a hazardous undertaking to take out anybody except a skiff expert in these craft. Upsets were as frequent as ripples in a rivulet, and of drownings many can be laid to the old-time skiff. Things came to such a pass that skiff sailing as a sport was rapidly dying out. Racing machines have ever been the bane of the yachting club. It costs too much to maintain a boat for racing only, and this has been recognized by every aquatic governing body from the canoe associations up to the Yacht Racing Union. For years the Yacht Racing Union has been searching for a rule which would produce good, wholesome yachts, but just as often as they changed the regulations the wily naval architect beat the spirit of the amendment and produced something that was useless off the racing course.

It was the same in skiff circles. The Lake Skiff Sailing Association, which was organized in 1893, soon recognized that racing machines would kill the skiff-sailing sport, and after a few years experiments produced the rule which forced the building of the modern sixteen-footer as exemplified by "Whitcap," "Escape," "Trial," "Attempt," "Shegola" and "General Roberts" of the local clubs, and "Royal Flush," "Flirt" and the "Flights" of Hamilton; all grand little boats, fast under all conditions, and safe, if handled at all, in any wind or sea. They are as buoyant as corks, and canvassed so that everything is handy in an emergency. In addition to their speed and seaworthiness, they are easily handled and have lots of room. For afternoon or evening jaunts, even with a fair crew, they are safe and handy, and this as much as anything else popularized the sixteen-foot class. In 1901 and last year the class was at its zenith of popularity. Dozens of new boats for the classes were built both here and in Hamilton, and the result was that the L.S.S.A. regattas brought together from twenty to thirty-five skiffs from both cities. There was lots of merry racing and chasing. Every club on the lake gave its sixteen-footers plenty of competition, and crowds watched every event. The contests were all keen, and every boat in commission usually faced the starter.

This year only one new sixteen-footer was built here, and Hamilton cannot more than double the score. The local races do not fill as well as last year, and the falling off in interest in the class is as remarkable as it is general. The class will always furnish some good racing, but from the premier position in all of the smaller clubs the skiff will be relegated to a humble position in the ranks. If Hamilton can win back the F. E. Walker and Cakewalk cups, the emblems of supremacy in the class, from the Toronto clubs, this summer, there will be a revival of interest in the class. This is a bit unlikely, barring flukes, for in "Escape," "Acushla," "Zip," "Trial," "Attempt" and "Shegola" the Toronto clubs have the fastest boats of their inches on the lake. Toronto, too, has men to sail them.

The sixteen-footer is going back.  
Its boom is "busted."

In some quarters, though, yachtsmen will not be sorry to see the sixteen-foot class go. The old, cranky, dangerous boats developed first-class sailors. A youngster had to be all grit and agility to stay in the old-time skiff game. A ducking or two usually cut the career of the timorous sailor short and the result was that those who stuck with the sport through thick and thin developed into the men that made Toronto and Hamilton famous as ports where canny, nervy amateurs were as thick as bees around a honey pot. The modern sixteen-footer is so safe and handy that almost anyone can sail her, and youngsters thoroughly grounded in the technicalities of the sport are getting scarce. The R.C.Y.C. cannot muster the same band of first-class men it could six or eight years ago.

To-day's lacrosse match between the Torontos and the champion Shamrocks will give the student of lacrosse affairs an excellent insight into the Senior League situation. Since the Torontos dropped their importations—Henry, Shore, Menary and took up the young fry, there has been a revival of interest both among the public and the players. What inducement is there for a young man to fight his way up when the managers of the club ignore his claims and look farther afield to fill out the big team? Toronto can develop players with any part of the country if the management of the local clubs will wake up and take hold of promising material. Help the juniors and the seniors will be husky and skilful enough to take care of themselves. To-day Hughie Lambie is cheek by jowl with the great Hoobin, and Jimmy Murray at center is crossing sticks with Currie, the best center in the world.

Watch them!

CORINTHIAN.

## Two Sides to This Question.

A clever lady, a mother, by the way, says in a letter to the "Lounge": "I think I could write an answer to Mr. Roosevelt's tirades on the wickedness of small families. He ought at least to introduce a bill to pension those who have large ones and no money. People who are well off are always so ready to urge the virtue of expensive duties."

"Papa, what does it mean when a girl is fly?" "It means, my boy, all the way from twenty-five dollars cash to ten thousand dollars a year."—Ex.

## A Bibliophile's Queer Taste.

SOMEONE sends the editor of the "Critic" this gruesome information:

It may not be generally known that the late Dr. F. Stockton-Hough, of Trenton, N.J., who left a valuable medical library in several languages, had a fancy for bindings made of human skin. He owned at least six books thus bound. One of them, "Catalogue des Sciences Medicales, Bibliotheque Nationale a Paris" (1857-73), is a large, very thick quarto, half bound in skin from the back of a man. The texture is quite coarse and does not even suggest human skin. On the fly-leaf of a second book, "Cowper on Impregnation" (1789), the owner wrote: "Bound in leather tanned from the skin of the thigh of Maria L., affected with encephalitis trichina, who died of consumption in the Philadelphia Hospital. She was an Irish widow, aged twenty-eight years." "Maria L." furnished the binding for another book also: "Das Buch der Liebe, oder das Geschlechtsleben in seinem ganzen Umfange." A valuable private library in New York contains a fourth book, presented by Dr. Stockton-Hough to the owner. This third piece of the leather-tanned skin of Maria L. is Barles's "Parties de la Generation." "Recueil des Secrets de Louise Bourgeois," the famous French midwife, a 12mo, is the fifth book, also bound in the skin of Maria L. The sixth, Dreincourt's "De Conceptione Adversaria," a 12mo, is half bound in tattooed skin from the wrist of a man who died in the Philadelphia Hospital. Dr. Stockton-Hough tanned the skin himself in every case. That taken from the back, where the muscles are well developed is coarse-grained; that from the thigh resembles pig-skin so much that the novice could not call it correctly by name. These books are now in the Medical Library of the Philadelphia Hospital, of which the Stockton-Hough collection is now a part.

## Studies in Natural History.

## THE BABY.

THIS curious animal, concerning which little is authoritatively known, is believed to have been discovered by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; but the species has now become so widely scattered throughout the world that there are few families that do not possess a specimen of it. It is easily domesticated, and among the poor is greatly valued as a household pet, although the rich generally prefer Fox Terriers.

In color and texture the Baby is of a pinkish hue and flabby, which makes it resemble a cross between a boiled lobster and a jellyfish. At birth it has neither teeth nor hair and only rudimentary features, and is mainly voice; but, as in the case of the Bull Dog, its defects are its virtues, and the uglier it is and the louder it squalls the finer specimen the nurse and doctor and other connoisseurs declare it to be.

Although the Baby belongs to the class of Mammals, and in infancy is only nourished on milk and patent baby foods, it early acquires a voracious appetite, and eagerly swallows pins and buttons, and pennies, and marbles, and any old thing that comes handy. Nor is this all. Not content with loading its stomach with such indigestible articles, it sticks buttons and beads up its nostrils and into its ears, requiring the prompt assistance of a physician, to the great depletion of the owner's pocket-book.

Indeed, a Baby is the most expensive animal in the world to keep, and a large menagerie of carnivorous beasts could be maintained at less expense than it takes to support one small and measly infant.

In its habits the Baby is the most interesting of all creatures. For the first six months it sleeps all day and until about twelve o'clock at night. It then wakes up and utters piercing shrieks that arouse the entire household from their slumbers, and cause the parents to arise and walk the floor for the balance of the night. As soon as the infant perceives that everyone is thoroughly awake, and miserable, it calms down and pretends to go to sleep. But this is a deceitful ruse, for the instant the weary parent pauses in the walk the cries break out in a fresh place and with renewed vigor.

At six months of age, or thereabouts, the Baby cuts the First Tooth, which never fails to send the family into spasms of ecstatic wonder. When it is a year old it begins to walk, and not only develops many of the characteristics of the monkey, but breaks up the monotony of life for all about it by falling into the coal-bin, and the bath-tub, and off the fireplace on every possible occasion.

Although the Baby is small in stature, and with short legs and tiny feet, its powers of locomotion and endurance are so great that in one short afternoon it can reduce an able-bodied man who attempts to follow it to nervous prostration. The only statistics obtainable on this subject were gathered by a father who nursed one on a Sunday afternoon and who reported that his Baby walked seven million miles. These figures may, however, be a trifle inaccurate.

Whether a Baby's cries are really intelligible speech, or merely the sounds that all animals make, is a subject concerning which there is much controversy. Women who have Babies assert that when the interesting little creature says "Goo" one time it means "Oh, see the beautiful lady," and that when it says "Goo" another time it means "I see my mover's precious, darling little lamie." This is very interesting if true, but, as in the case of Professor Garner's theories about the monkey language, it needs further confirmation.

Babies are frequently quite intelligent little pets, and are easily taught simple tricks, like standing up and begging for sweetmeats, turning somersaults, playing horses, and so on. This affords much innocent diversion to the family, and is also most useful in keeping acquaintances away. Indeed, as a protection against callers, a Baby is far more effective than a watchdog.

The most curious characteristic of the Baby is its moral influence over the household. One small, red-faced, squirming infant can start a riot quicker than a mugwump at a political meeting. It can beat an arbitration committee in healing over a family feud, and it can do more towards keeping an ill-assorted couple together than a law and order league.

Stranger still is the fact that, though in reality all Babies



## FATE OF THE STOCK GAMBLER.

are as much alike as two plates of cream cheese, everybody thinks they have got the paragon, and can see points of superiority about their own that no other person's Baby possesses. Nobody wants to trade, and although a man wouldn't take a million pounds for his own baby, he wouldn't give two pence for anybody else's.

The fact that although Babies are extremely expensive to maintain, and require constant care and attention, and cause their owners great anxiety, they are held in such esteem, has caused many people to believe that this interesting little animal is possessed of hypnotic powers. Unfortunately science has not yet investigated this subject, nor has it explained another phenomenon connected with them, e.g., why people never hear their own Baby's howls, but raise Cain if their neighbor's Baby whimpers.

## To Dr. William Henry Drummond.

Good guide and friend, you bid us know  
The blithe, belligerent Courteau,  
No longer eager for the fray,  
But crooning "que je m'y suis baigne,"  
Rocking the cradle to and fro.

And hark, was that the Windigo!  
Or do we hear through storm and snow  
The bell of le p'tit Cure,  
Good guide and friend?

Ah, leetle Bateese, va faire do-do,  
While Gran'pere dreams the man you'll grow:  
Our hearts are where the breezes play  
About cloud-kissed Lac Grenier.  
What hearty thanks to you we owe,  
Good guide and friend!  
—Beatrice Hanscom in the "Critic."

## Too Many Doctors.

DR. BILLINGS of Chicago, president of the American Medical Association, in his recent address at New Orleans stated that there were too many doctors, and considered the over-supply due to the excess of medical colleges. He says that 2,500 medical graduates per annum would be enough to supply that country, while five times that number are being turned out. In his opinion twenty-five or thirty medical colleges would be enough. But by restricting the source of supply either in the United States or Canada we might, while reducing the quantity, very much impair the quality of the graduates. Nothing can prevent men adopting a career for which they are unfitted, but time and the experience of their patients will very quickly separate the good from the bad, and meanwhile the public will have the advantage of being able to select those in whom they have confidence. If limiting the number by any statute would ensure the public that all the doctors turned out were fit for the profession they had chosen, it would be a good thing, but as in everything else of a similar sort, the public, not the Legislature, must be the jury.

## Prefer Barabbas.

A MAN named Norton is running a system of some eight general stores in Indiana "as Christ would run them," and he seems to be receiving pretty much the same treatment as Christ would have received had He been in the store business in Palestine. Recently when Norton opened a new store, or at least bought out an old one, he refused to employ union clerks—a union scheme which has not reached Canada—but instead employed several church officers to help him sell goods at prices which defied the competition of others in the same line of business. The labor unions started a boycott, though the people were certainly getting the advantage of Norton's prices, and indeed were so impressed by the fact that they flocked to his store in spite of all that Unionism

could do. Norton may be a horrible fake—though nothing is hinted with regard to his sincerity—but the opposition to his plan of store-keeping is one of the painful episodes which convince us that even the united wage-workers, like the mob of old, prefer Barabbas.

## Snapshot of Abdul the Damned.

A Constantinople physician, who had abundant opportunities to study his case, told William E. Curtis that Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is a victim of neurasthenia, and that his psychological condition presents a most interesting problem, for his symptoms are complex and vary materially from time to time. He is naturally very intelligent, but, living in continual terror of assassination, being afflicted with chronic insomnia, and having a naturally suspicious nature abnormally developed, he has become a monomaniac on the subject of self-preservation. He sleeps only two or three hours out of the twenty-four, and then only when somebody is reading to him, or some orchestra or musician is performing in the adjoining room. Darkness frightens him. Therefore a light is always kept burning in his chamber, and Ismet Bey, grand master of the imperial wardrobe, always sleeps in the same room. Ismet Bey is his foster brother, and probably possesses his confidence more than any other living man. Because he resembles the Sultan in appearance so closely, it is believed in Constantinople that he often impersonates His Majesty at ceremonies and on other occasions when he is likely to be exposed to the danger of assassination.

## Scientific Definition of a Lie.

"The lie extends through all civilizations, into all classes of society, through all ages and both sexes. In spite of the diversity of its forms it may be defined in general, according to M. Duprat, as 'a means of suggesting error—what one knows or believes to be false.' It is a psychophysiological fact, as is shown by the neuromuscular modifications observed especially among untruthful children, and it is also a psychosociologic fact, as shown by lies due to social causes. It is specially connected with the imaginative function, but as this mental function is always dependent on conscious tendencies or on desires and dislikes unknown to the subject, the lie ought to be studied particularly in its relations with the affective phenomena. Now these phenomena may involve an abnormal activity of the mind, and this is why the lie may often be a pathologic fact otherwise than from the social point of view; for from this latter standpoint it is almost always the effect of a collective morbid condition."—From the "Revue Scientifique."



## Columbus.

Behind him lay the grey Azores,  
Behind the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone—  
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"  
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home, a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral—say  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day:  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone;  
Now, speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—  
He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:  
This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait  
With lifted teeth as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt as a leaping sword—  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speak—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!  
He gained a world, he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"  
Joaquin Miller.

## The Cook Asked no Questions.

"Twere a new Governor of Newfoundland, and he were shocking careful of the sealers' health," began the old sealing captain, his deep-set eyes twinkling.  
"The night afore the 'North Star' left Sen John's for the ice he came aboard 'I' inquire what for medicine chist we had."  
"You ought to have a ship's doctor aboard her with two hundred men shipped," says he. "Who gives out the medicine?"  
"The cook, o' course," I answers. "But I'm sarten o' one thing, Governor, 'I' says, 'there's nothin' there that's pizen.'"  
"How do you know?" he asks, pretty sharp.  
"Well, I answers, 'a man comes runnin' to the cook and he says, 'My chum's sick, and I want some medicine for he.' The cook never asks no questions as to what's ailin'. He grabs up the first bottle he gits his 'and on and pours out some in a cup. If it don't do the man's chum no good, he comes back and the cook pours something out of another bottle, and so on till he strikes something that 'elps him. That's why I know there's nothin' pizen in that chist or the cook would 'ave killed 'arf of 'em twenty y'rs ago.'"  
"Lippincott's Magazine."

## A Novice.

Mr. de Tong—I passed Mrs. Ritch in the park this morning, but she didn't see me. Do you think the slight was intentional? Mrs. Smart—Oh, it couldn't have been. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude.



Why should Canadian taxpayers pull either of these loads up the hill?







Wherever the Union Jack Waves  
**Hunyadi János** Natural Laxative Mineral Water  
is looked upon as the standard cure for  
**CONSTIPATION**  
Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

**Anecdotal.**  
A minister who was called in to comfort the wife of an old Scotch caddie assured her that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife: "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet. 'Na, na, John!' was the reply; 'ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dee noo!'"  
Assistant Secretary of the Interior Ryan, at one time a sheriff in his native State, relates how he was at one time ordered to arrest an Indian who had been selling whiskey to his red friends on the reservation. After the sheriff had captured "Poor Lo" he gave him a sound lecture on the depravity of his conduct. The Indian listened stolidly to the reprimand and finally asked: "No way Injun git out this?" "No one can help you now but God," was the reply. Sadly the prisoner shook his head. Then he muttered: "God heep like Uncle Sam; Injun never see Him!"

A brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Sir Henry Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future. "I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such and such a part; and after that I shall appear as Hamlet." "Um!" drawled Irving. "As—eh—Hamlet, did you say?" The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once. "Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?" "Oh no," rejoined Irving, blandly; "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

The late Paul du Chailu was on one occasion asked why he had never married. "Well, once upon a time," he answered, without a smile, "an old African king who was very fond of me offered me my choice of eight hundred and fifty-three women as a wife." "Your majesty," I replied, "if I should marry one of these beauties of yours there would be eight hundred and fifty-two jealous women here." "Well," replied the king, "that is easily settled. Take them all." That was a little too strong for me, however, and as I have never had such a field to choose from since, I am still a bachelor.

Chauncey M. Depew has told of finding a visitor in Horace Greeley's editorial room when he made a call on him. The editor's patience had evidently been almost exhausted, and as he wrote on steadily he would give an occasional kick toward the caller, who every now and then put in a word. Finally, turning round, Greeley said: "Tell me what you want. Tell me quick, and in one sentence." The man said: "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, for a case which will prevent a thousand of our fellow-beings from going to hell." Greeley shouted: "I will not give you a cent. There don't half enough go there now." As Greeley was a Universalist, this reply was not so severe as it sounded.

A certain Yankee woman, the wife of a former representative in Congress and minister abroad, who now aims at social leadership in the most exclusive and top-lofty circles of Washington, D.C., is noted for her love of display and her penchant for wearing about all the jewels she can bear up under. One recent night she gave a dinner. Several members of the diplomatic set were present. Madame was in high feather, and she also wore a diamond tiara and several strings of pearls around her neck. During the evening she complained of feeling a bit chilly and told one of the servants to call her maid. When the maid appeared she is said to have shivered a trifle, and exclaimed: "Susette, I am so cold; please get me another string of pearls."

An amusing illustration of the linguistic capability of the educated Chinese comes from Berlin. When the Kaiser complimented the new Chinese Minister on his excellent German, the man from the Orient replied: "I can do better—I can speak the Berlin dialect. One day, during the occupation of Peking, I encountered a number of your Majesty's soldiers, one of whom, thinking that I would not understand him, took the liberty to address me as follows: 'Wait, you Chinese baggage; if ever I catch you in the dark I will twist your queue for you!' 'Shut up, you Berlin weiss beer-pot,' I replied in his own vernacular, 'or I will knock all your teeth into your bread-basket.' Your Majesty ought to have seen the soldiers' faces," concluded

**Lady Gay's Column**  
A Bad Spirit. A Study of Womanhood. Sundry Snapshots.

**D**ID you ever feel yourself being overcome by the spirit of war? It often follows the spritely pleasure, the game gluttony, the satyr satiety, or with plain-living and unemotional people it comes, the good fairies don't know why, whence or to what end. I've known a sound crack on the instep from a harmless rocking chair to rouse a man to quarrels that lasted all day. You remember the way the rocker takes you on that tender spot when you've first stepped out with unusual vigor? Nations seem to develop the spirit of war from the most trivial causes sometimes, and on they go, like the man with the wounded instep running amuck long hours after the pain has ceased. A woman set out on a fine day in a serene and lovely temper, and what do you think upset her? A ride in a Bathurst street car! If you haven't ridden on a Bathurst street car and experienced the chopping motion which reduces a seasick subject to dire despair, you don't know at all what it can do to unwary five-centers. First, the woman thought it was the beginning of an explosion on the part of the car; then she wondered if it wasn't going to rock off its rails and be a derelict on the excavations for the new pavement. Finally, she had one or two of those qualms that obstruct speculative thought. When she got off that car she quarrelled with everybody she met for an hour, and retired to her couch with a headache and a heartache. Was it the spirit of war or the disturbance of liver, I wonder, after all, that changed her nature so?

In answer to several enquiries, I would inform my correspondents that the three little books written by one of his Excellency's A.D.C.'s will be procurable shortly at Tyrrell, Captain Graham's morning literary venture, "Ballads of the Boer War," is published in London, Eng., and is not to be had here.

A story of Chicago which has lately interested many readers is "Dr. Bryson," by Frank H. Spearman. While the book will be reviewed in its own column, I want to talk about one little expression which occurs several times in it. The heroine lives with her little girl in a pension, which is so faithfully described and so purely an "American" type that I almost know the number on the door, having spent a few interested days in such establishments, both in New York and Chicago. In one of her explanatory talks with Dr. Bryson, or emotional talks with Dr. Bryson, or some other, if one may call it so; this veiled criticism, espionage, good-fellowship, unconventionality, with its free and easy hilarity, its many conatives, its fund of careless talking and sometimes dangerous surmise, its jealousies and sometimes its tragedies, is what one comes across in the Chicago boarding-house, where the women are artists, widows, journalists, divorcees, and wives whose other halves are traveling more or less continuously, and the men are either their tyrants or playthings, or perhaps worse.

Henry Labouchere's intensity of purpose was inherited; his father was just as strenuous. It appears that the latter, John Labouchere, was in youth a clerk in the banking house of Williams, Deacon & Co. Once they wished to send some important papers to a rich client in Paris, and entrusted the task to John. While transacting his business with the millionaire, the bank clerk employed his spare time in making violent love to the daughter of the house. His business being done, John Labouchere asked for a private interview with the old man, and there and then asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. The father was indignant. A mere bank clerk! It was absurd. "Well," said Labouchere's father, "supposing I was a partner in the bank, would that make any difference?" The answer was that most certainly it would. Back went John, and after being congratulated on the successful issue of his work, asked for an interview with the partners, at which he begged to be taken into partnership. The request was, of course, laughed at. Nothing daunted, Labouchere's father asked if it would make any difference if he was the son-in-law of the millionaire to whom he had been sent. The answer was similar to the one he had received in Paris: somehow or other, though history does not say which he did first, Labouchere's father married the girl and became a partner in the banking firm.

Can anything be more pathetic than the affection of an unattractive woman for an unresponsive man? They told one such woman once that she needn't mind being ugly, for beauty was only skin-deep. "Well," said she, ruefully, "my skin is bound to stay on." And her answer attracted the notice of a man who fancied such a quaint turn of mind. He always enjoyed her original and sometimes humorous expressions, but he fell in love with her sister, who was very pretty, very stupid and very exacting. The ugly girl and I used to talk about that man, and by and by I found out that she adored him, and that her only comfort in her sad plight was that he had married her sister, but said that no one but herself could make coffee he would drink. And there she is, making his coffee, pacifying his querulous wife, growing uglier and uglier every day, and growingly happy.

A lot of silly young men were clustered together giggling. What do you think amused them? A certain pretty young girl had inadvertently seated herself quite at the edge of a platform and her dainty skirts frou-froued over her crossed limbs at such an angle that quite a revelation of trim ankle and swelling calf was visible. And the young men thought it was the greatest joke, and with many nods and winks they beckoned over a small chap who looked very dainty and foolish, to enjoy the sight. The little man had a look—then had another, this time at the giggling group. Then he remarked: "Say, what are you fellows, anyway?" and walked gently away from them. And the fellows are still guessing as to what they are.

I went to see a sick lady to-day who is being nursed in a tent. The sun was shining as only a June sun can, the birds were singing love-songs to the biddies sitting on the wee eggs. The air, scented with many flowering shrubs, wafted

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about the small bed and the dainty little plishings of the tent. It seemed an ideal place to be sick in such lovely weather, and I almost longed to crawl into an empty bed nearby. Many tents were gleaming amid the trees, and in each was brave decoration of flags and flowers, and the patients breathed deeply of the semi-suburban breeze, and there wasn't a hint of the usual paraphernalia of illness. The sick lady loves the new experience, but she says it's a bit lonely by night. Did you ever sleep in a tent? Once I dared it, but waking up in the night I felt so utterly unprotected that I bawled lustily for my old wee room. However, one would soon get used to it, or else those people would not look so content and well.

**Gaphank-On-The-Hump Notes.**

**By Our Special Correspondent.**  
**T**HERE is quite an epidemic in our midst of mushroom appetite and toadstool judgment. Oldest inhabitants' trousers are more worn this season than last, and their tales are longer. Our friends, the expert fishermen from the city, are coming in with short strings and long yarns.

Luther Lopstock has been compelled to quit his job as echo for the Welkin House, on account of a severe attack of bronchitis; and Rollo Hollar has accepted the position. Rollo has gained considerable elocutionary experience by taking part in home-talent dramas, and will doubtless make a splendid echo. Not to be outdone by his competitors, the enterprising landlord of the Tanner House has secured the services of Mr. Laurence Scanlon, the popular singing comedian, as Tyrolean yodeler, to add to the weird charms of the Lover's Leap, which, as heretofore, will be for the sole use of the guests of the Tanner. Mr. Scanlon, who contemplates remaining until the opening of the theatrical season, has kindly consented to assist the headwaiter in emergencies, and will at all times superintend the transportation of



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

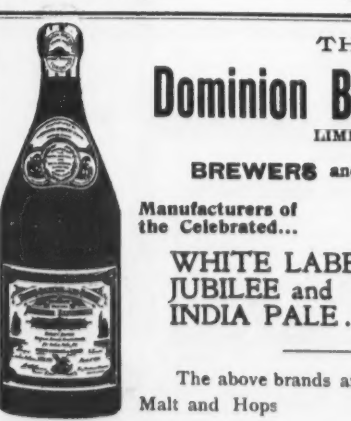
"Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful. I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$5000 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.  
When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement, etc., remember, there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

baggage to and from the station. We are pleased to announce that the Roorback House, which in the past has had a great deal of trouble with drunken incompetents, has at last secured a first-class hermit, in the person of Professor Schwartzenschnitzel. This gentleman has had nearly thirty years' experience in his profession, and brings recommendations from some of the leading resort hotels in the country, as a sober, expert, and thoroughly reliable hermit. He also has a splendid repertoire of legends for the entertainment of visitors. The professor makes his own wampum, arrowheads and prehistoric relics, and they are the finest we have ever seen. He is a native of far-off Pomerania, where, we understand, all the best hermits come from.

**Overcoming the Obstacle.**

"Yes," said the young man who was taking the young woman for an auto ride, "the auto has its advantages; but still there is a great difference between it and the good old horse."  
"Oh, yes; I suppose there is," answered the young woman.  
"For instance," went on the young man, "with the horse, when one was driving with the pretty girl, he could hold the lines in one hand, or wrap them about the whip, and—and hug the girl."  
"Oh-h-h-h! you awful thing!" exclaimed the blushing young woman.  
They sped along in silence for several miles. At last the timid young thing said:  
"But I should think that difficulty could be easily overcome."  
"What difficulty?" asked the young man.  
"Why, that—what you said about the times when the men took the girls driving behind a horse, and—and when they wrapped the lines about the whip, and when they—they—oh, when they did what you say they did."  
"I don't see how it could be overcome," said the youth. "If you stop the auto it's liable to start up of itself and upset you in the ditch, and a fellow simply has to keep both hands busy while it is in motion."  
"I know," faltered the girl; "but—but it seems to me there would be a way."  
"I'd like to know what it is."  
"Well, couldn't the girl—couldn't she hug—hug the man?"

**Golf.**  
To play the game of golf very little outfit is necessary. You merely require a ball, a club, a boy, and a bottle of Scotch.  
Golf is played on a green. You just go on the green. The boy puts the ball on a little hillock of sand, and all you have to do is to hit it. Not the boy or the sand, but the ball.  
Hit the ball as hard as you can, and send it as far as you can. Then let the boy go and find it. Meanwhile, you consult the fourth requisite for the game, the bottle of Scotch.



Golf is a special Scotch game. The boy is called a caddie, and you can readily see that he is a very useful thing to have about you. He carries all the implements of the game (except that fourth one), places the ball for you, and hunts for it afterwards. If you are a particular person, the caddie can be commissioned to swear for you. But most golfers prefer to do their own swearing. They find it useful, as an aid to the real science of the sport.  
In putting the ball into the hole it is customary to use the club. But, if you can get the caddie to turn round and look at the prospect at the critical moment, you will find it much easier to shove the ball into the hole with the toe of your boot.  
Ladies play golf, but they never should. They cannot master the language of the royal and ancient game. If they smash a club, or get bunkered, they merely observe, "Bother it!" And "Bother it!" is not golf.—"Ally Sloper's Half Holiday."

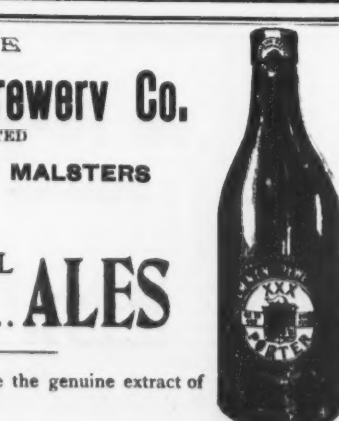
"I wonder the Smith's baby has turned out so big." "Indeed! Why?" "Well, you know, it was brought up on condensed milk."  
"What precisely are his prospects?" "Two maiden aunts, and one of the worst climates in England."



The best and safest way to keep Baby's skin healthy is to use only **BABY'S OWN SOAP**. Pure, Dainty, Delicate. Beware of Imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

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The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and kitchen.  
It does not cake—it dissolves easily—it is nothing but pure Salt.

**Windsor Salt.**  
BEST GROCERS SELL IT.



The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops

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if they are worthy ones sell economy to the tourist. Those who travel largely in foreign countries know that it is the worst kind of extravagance to start out without the best of all guide-books  
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which renders one as nearly as possible independent of the services of a guide.  
BAEDEKER'S GUIDE-BOOKS—Great Britain, price net, \$3.00; London, \$1.50; The Rhine, \$2.00; Northern France, \$2.00; Southern France, \$1.50; Italy, \$2.00; Switzerland, \$2.40, etc. Illustrated with numerous maps, etc. Postage 10c. extra.  
Wm. Tyrrell & Co., 8 King Street West, Toronto



## Author's Early Struggles.

**A** MAGAZINE of recent date contains several moderately interesting letters written by Blackmore, for which the publishers undoubtedly paid a good price, yet "Lorna Doone" was offered to eighteen publishers before it found acceptance. The original manuscript of "The Bell," by Poe, was considered a great bargain when it was purchased a few years ago for two hundred and seventy-five dollars; but "The Gold Bug," now so frequently mentioned as a perfect example of the short story, was many times rejected. Thackeray was at first laughed at when he proposed having his printed work republished in book form. Many of his novels, including "Vanity Fair," appeared in "Punch's Magazine." Jane Austen was likewise unfortunate, for it took her ten years to find a publisher for her first three novels. Fielding, too, found difficulty in disposing of "Tom Jones." Great Britain, however, did not contain all the unappreciative publishers, for Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" met with similar difficulties in America. Even Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" was rejected by two Boston publishers.

To come to more modern instances, Archibald Clavering Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York" was rejected by every publisher in America, and England, too, before the author published it himself, in a yellow paper cover, and made a fortune. Many a worse book has appeared since in far more sumptuous binding. Dr. Doyle's apprenticeship lasted ten years; his "Mick Clarke" was declined by Blackwood, Bentley, Cassell and several other publishers before it was accepted by the Messrs. Longman, upon the recommendation of Andrew Lang. "John Strange Winter" wrote industriously for six years before his first cheque—for ten English shillings—came as a reward. Clara Louise Burnham's first two novels were declined. Walter Besant's first manuscript was refused by several publishers, and was finally destroyed by the author in a moment of despair. David Christie Murray's first book met with a similar fate. Barrie's first stories had all been many times rejected before he put them together and tried to sell them under the title "Auld Licht Idylls." Even then the book manuscript was declined by many publishers. Edna Lyall's "Donovan," a book that made a fortune for its publisher, was many times rejected. Marie Corelli's "A Romance of Two Worlds" was again and again refused.

Sarah Grand's first book, "Idealia," was several times rejected. It was then thrown into a drawer, where it remained undisturbed for seven years before the discouraged author again offered it to a publisher. "The Heavenly Twins" was repeatedly declined. That clever bit of fiction, "The Tenor and the Boy," written originally as a short story, was declined by every publisher or magazine editor to whom it was offered; but as a chapter in "The Heavenly Twins" it created a furore. The author has been obliged to explain again and again why that chapter had never appeared as a short story. When Grant Allen first decided to write, he produced about a hundred magazine articles, every one of which was promptly declined by as many editors. He once confessed, too, that it was three years from the time of the publication of one of his stories in a leading magazine before he was again successful in that particular quarter. Maurice Thompson once owned to having one short story that he could not sell, although he had offered it to every important periodical in the States and Canada. Even Mr. Howells's first work went begging; his "Venetian Life" was many times refused; and he, too, owns to holding a manuscript that he once tried in vain to sell. Riley labored for twenty years to get into one magazine; he was finally successful, but as they used to say in the concluding chapters of most sensational novels, "Joy does not kill," and the Hoosier poet lived to get into the same magazine again. Perhaps no modern writer is more popular than Anthony Hope, yet all of his first work was rejected; his first five published books were only partially successful before the appearance of "The Prisoner of Zenda."—June "Bookman."

## Aelurophobia.

**D**R. WEIR MITCHELL has excited a good deal of discussion by letting it be known that he is engaged in the study of what he calls "Cat-Fear." By this he means the extraordinary feeling of repulsion which is caused in many persons by the sight, or even by the unseen presence, of a cat. Strictly speaking, this feeling is not properly to be called fear, for it is rather an indescribable loathing, which is sometimes so intense as to produce a cataleptic condition in the one who experiences it. We are sorry to see that Dr. Mitchell has not yet invented a technical term to describe this strange obsession, and we venture to suggest to him the word Aelurophobia, which is a good Greek compound and one over whose construction we are modestly complacent. As to aelurophobia itself, we have many ideas upon the subject; but as we have already set them down in another place it is perhaps not worth while to repeat them here. Our own theory, says the "Bookman," is that "cat-fear" is only a secondary manifestation of serpent-fear. On second thoughts, and asking our readers' indulgence, we shall quote a little bit from ourselves, because the subject is a rather novel one and has a peculiar interest for those who are either very fond of cats or who are themselves aelurophobic.

The peculiar loathing which the white man feels for the snake extends in highly sensitive natures to creatures or even inanimate objects which resemble or suggest the snake. Thus, most persons shudder and shrink back when a large eel is thrown writhing at their feet. They know perfectly well that it is not only a harmless creature, but that it is not a snake at all; yet they would not touch it, and few care to eat it. As to inanimate objects, there are many which are sufficiently condemned when they have the adjective "snaky" applied to them. Snaky locks, snaky ringlets, snaky eyes, snaky movements—all these, and a score of other expressions, connote something repulsive. Now the cat is essentially a snaky creature. Most of us do not realize this, because we lack the observing eye and the instinct of comparison, and, moreover, we are not troubled with hypersensitiveness. But just watch a cat as

it moves about at ease, as it lies in the sun, or as it curves itself into its usual position when about to sleep. Its stealthiness, its sinuous movements, the undulations of its lithe body—these are closely comparable with what we notice in the serpent. And if the cat have glossy fur, and if it be barred with stripes, there are moments when the resemblance is so striking as almost to make us shiver. Many persons feel this at times, but only in a momentary way. Other persons, however, are conscious of it all the while, or at least are conscious of a feeling of repulsion which they cannot explain, but which in reality represents the serpent dread, the loathing of the snake and of all that suggests the snake, even when the mind is not aware of the underlying reason. This dread is, we believe, the dread to which Dr. Mitchell has given the name of "cat-fear." It may be called "cat-fear," but in the last analysis it is a secondary manifestation of snake-fear.

## The Home Comers.

(Awarded the first prize, \$100, in the competition inaugurated by the Old Home Committee.)

From the smoke where cities welter,  
From the quiet glens of earth,  
To the land that gave us birth,  
We, the wanderers, the dreamers,  
That for lore or fortune roam,  
In the gladness of the morning,  
In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers, mocked and broken  
For the honor of a name,  
Could not wear the conqueror's token,  
Flung them in the virgin forest,  
With their axes in their hands,  
Built a Province as a bulwark  
For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,  
Europe and her weary ways,  
Saw the fading Emerald headlands,  
Saw the heather quenched in haze,  
Saw the coast of France or Flanders,  
Like a glimmer, sink and cease,  
Won the ample land of maples—  
The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,  
Held it by the axe and sword,  
Bred a race with brawn and marrow—  
From no alien overlord.  
Gained the right to guide and govern;  
Then, with labor strong and free,  
Forged the land a shield of Empire,  
Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,  
Labor makes the heart grow fain,  
Still, when the heart grows weary,  
We are of the lion strain,  
We may trample foreign markets,  
We may delve in outland loam,  
Yet, when memory cries and calls us,  
All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities welter,  
From the quiet glens of earth,  
Come we to our land of shelter,  
To the land that gave us birth,  
Lo, we bring thee our achievement,  
Won by strength and patient toil,  
Thine the strength and thine the patience—  
Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,  
Under snow and under sun,  
Where the spruces root and thicken,  
Where the waters flash and run;  
Bid the towns of glad Ontario  
Gather to a diadem,  
Deep encircled round Toronto,  
As with gems the peerless setting folds  
And holds the gem.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.  
The second and third prizes were won by Miss Helen M. Merrill, Picton, Ont., and Miss Marjorie Pickett, Toronto, respectively.

## Well Earned Popularity.

J. J. Burns says Dodd's Kidney Pills Saved His Life.

Could Scarcely Sit, Sleep or Walk when He Started to Use Them—His Trouble Gone for Good.

Darnley, P.E.I., June 1.—(Special).—The popularity of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Prince Edward Island has been earned by complete and permanent. John J. Burns, Lot 18, Darnley, is one of the cured, and his story is a splendid example of the work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing.

"For over eight years," says Mr. Burns, "I suffered from what the doctors pronounced Chronic Inflammation of the Loins and Kidneys. In the year 1896 it got so bad that I could scarcely walk, sit or sleep. I was about to give up, when an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they did a wonderful work for me."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life, and though years have elapsed since my cure I have had no trouble since I used them."

"I belong to the I.O.F., and any member can vouch for my condition and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease once and for all.

## Pretty Fair for a Start.

First matron—And what sort of people are they as 'ave come next door to you now, Mrs. Figgins? Seem inclined to be friendly like? Second matron—Oh, yes, very, I think. They only come in Toosaday, and by Satterday they'd borrowed two flat-irons, a puddin'-basin, a loaf o' bread, a box o' tin-tacks, a meat chopper, and my biggest saucepan.

## In Chicago.

She—I'm afraid I can't marry you. He—Oh, just this once!



Mamma—Let your little brother play with your marbles at once, sir—like a nice, unselfish boy. He'll give them all back to you!  
Willie—No, he won't—he's swallowed eight of them already!—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

## CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Bedford.—The study signed "Halifax" was very much less vital and buoyant than the study signed "Halifax." The resemblance, but the person is of an utterly different type. By the way, isn't it curious how seldom I am able to refer one study to another for particulars? Only one in a hundred, and then generally sisters or father and son. Your main note is a brisk, magnetic, optimistic and cheerful way of accepting the inevitable. You are decidedly diplomatic and careful never to run to extremes; a kindly and sympathetic nature with much emotion, and a clever, facile, practical method are yours. Culture and good judgment are shown. You are quite aware of your superiority, and will never forget personal dignity and refinement. You have decidedly a better temper than "Halifax," and even "Lovely." Under general lines, you might easily be a teacher or preacher, or in some position exacting poise and dignity.

Nil Desperandum.—It's not "Lovely" Mary, my dear. "Lovey" is the queer little pet name of the lady. Yes, I've read it. 'Tis a bit of treachery, as the French say. "Could I tell her, the Scotch call it—and not ever as appealing as when first served. Mrs. Wiggs was a great find, but Lovey will never equal her. Your writing is very good for a young study, but not developed as it will be. Wait—you have the foundation of a fine and estimable character.

Arduath.—Watch the birds coming back in the spring? Faith, I'm doing no such thing, lassie. The sun is shining, and life is worth to be watching even the one dinky pair of sparrows keeping house in the corner of the roof. The life of a bird is worth to be watching even the one dinky pair of sparrows keeping house in the corner of the roof. The life of a bird is worth to be watching even the one dinky pair of sparrows keeping house in the corner of the roof. The life of a bird is worth to be watching even the one dinky pair of sparrows keeping house in the corner of the roof.

Chick.—If you really want to know, I think your expression, thought and general tone are marvelously good and that you will probably be a success. Your study is on lines and not very well developed, but it has a sturdy purpose and vitality that is refreshing. All I can say is, go ahead and win, Chick. I don't know whether you're a cockle or a biddy, but I seem to hear the echo of a "crow" somewhere.

Grace.—December 14th brings you under the beneficent influence of Sagittarius, the fire sign, and one of considerable power. You should see clearly, think quickly and be somewhat positive in your conclusions. Do not often come in collision with people's opinions? You should free your mind of heat and prejudice whenever you venture to state your convictions or to influence others. Then you will find you have power over them. It is a musical sign, so I wonder at your disinclination for that art, and it is quite probable you have talent, as your friends say. It is, however, said of Sagittarius people that they rarely make a mistake if they follow their own inspirations, but often are led astray by the advice of others. An intuitive knowledge of this makes a Sagittarius person self-reliant and "I won't" with emphasis which is misconstrued into self-will and obstinacy. A strong character, a strong will, people in their uncompromising directness. They generally aim to hit the mark, no matter who is wounded. You should be busy, reticent and economical to be a true Sagittarius, but I see a tendency to discussion and talk over affairs in your writing and also some carelessness of detail, while the sign which rules you exacts the very contrary. You should also have a genuine love for children and animals and be a thoroughly practical if sometimes imposed-upon, friend. Do not expect too much of others and keep out of quarrels and feuds. Your governing planet is Jupiter and your gems carbuncle, diamond, and turquoise. This is all I have room to tell you. Au revoir.

Flosce O.—Thank you for your invitation. You must have a queer idea of what editorial work of this sort is to ply me for lacking fresh air. I am answering you in a cool, airy room with a breeze off the lake blowing the curtains and a bunch of roses shedding fragrance through the air. All around are pictures, bric-a-brac and coziness in general; beyond are other rooms, a jeweled Japanese portiere cuts off a pretty blue one, and swags slanting in the summer breeze. The only signs of work are a blotter, an inkstand and a pile of letters. Why should I come to Orangeville, my dear? I only tell you to get myself out of your mind as an object of pity. I think it the height of puerility to complain of one's work and surroundings; besides, do you think I've any right to do so? Of a girl born on the fourth of August one may say "most anything." There are two types of August women—the one quiet, purring, kindly and lazy, sweet to know and restful, apt to be the cushion for a weary, nervous personality and never renouncing of trials and troubles life brings; the other, nervous, alert and ambitious to make history, to create a sensation, to impress, to manage and to lead. Pleading types both, and capable of great worth or great debasement. There is a grace and turn of fancy in your lines which

is attractive, and a caution which is admirable. I don't know much about the money-making possibilities of Domestic Science. There is a good deal of it taught just now. My advice to you is the sort I apply to myself. Learn whatever you can. Knowledge is a bank on which one can always draw cheques. Just while I read your remark "I was up bright and early this morning," a person told me with a simper that he didn't get to bed until four in the morning. I don't know which of you I should slap on the wrist. It seems that early rising has its merit and night-owing its pleasures; for my part, I prefer eight hours' sleep, beginning at twelve.

Eleanor.—The story of the milliner who wouldn't trim my hat because I told her her taste was crude and her temper faulty (in a delineation) wasn't "made up," but an actual occurrence. I assure you I didn't blame her from her point of view, and I was tickled to death at her temper. It justified me, you see! Your writing shows concentration, tenacity, good sequence of ideas, a happy facility of expression, self-reliance, imagination, ambition, good method and a minutely careful rectitude and much personal dignity. You are brightly perceptive, but not generous in proportion, reserving your sympathies for your few chosen friends, and perhaps a trifle disposed to treat others cavalierly. A dainty taste and much refinement, talent and culture are shown. At times, I think you're rather pessimistic, but of great endurance.

Learner.—Generous, pleasant-tempered, amenable, liberal and just in judgment, loving harmony and beauty and being in good accord with life, very clear and connected in thought, deliberate and careful in drawing conclusions, hopeful, orderly and inclined to conservatism in tone, safe, careful, but not very inspiring study—not, however, as you say, "characterless."

Well La Zelle.—Well, now, suppose you enclose me your former delineation and let me do the comparing. Even after twelve years I should think your traits would stand pat. They're pretty strongly marked. If you enclose me as requested and also date of your birth (day and month, not year), I will give you more thought-matter. I'll keep your study two weeks.

## A Rumanian Folk-Song.

Two birds flew into the sunset glow,  
And one of them was my love, I know,  
Ah, had it but flown to my heart, its nest!

Two maidens down to the harvest go,  
And one of them is my love, I know,  
Ah, had she but come to me here, it were best!

Two stars remembered the long ago—  
And one of them was my heart's great woe,  
If it had but forgotten, and paled in the west!

Two children died in the hut below,  
And one, my heart, to the grave doth go,  
Ah, had it but taken me with it to rest!

—Translated by Carmen Sylva.

## Well-Warranted Obfuscation.

**I**F nothing prevents, I expect they'll decide to take me to the asylum, along about the corner grocery at Allegash, addressing the baking-powder drummer, for whom he had formed something of a liking.

"You see, I went over into the adjoining state, for a couple of weeks, to help collect my half-sister Georgiana's second husband—who got considerably pulled to pieces by the picker in the wine-mill to which he was attaching a labor-saving improvement that he had invented—and to help settle up the loose ends of his affairs; and I got my niece, Daysey Mayme Snoddy—who has been away to boarding-school, and is cultured and romantic, and all such as that—to keep the books here for me during my absence."

"Well, in the first place, she used this fashionable handwriting that looks like a string of fine-tooth combs with three-sixteenths of their fangs knocked out; and then she worked on the pages of my account-books in the up-to-date manner in which educated girls turn the pages when they write letters—the fourth page first, then the second, next the first, and lastly the third. Then, to fill my cup of befuddlement full, she used her refined ideas on the spelling of a good many of the names, and put Smith as 'Smythe,' Link Brown as 'Launcelot Browne,' Perry Fifer as 'Perryhin Phyphe,' and Jim Jones as 'Jaymes Joughnes,' and to spill considerable of it over into the saucer, as it were, when she didn't happen to know the customer's name, she just jotted down his most prominent peculiarity, and let it go at that. Thus, we have a ghynde-stone charged to a phlegmatic man whose hair had been cut with the sheep-shears; two dozen clothes-pins to the talkative old lady with a wart right here; a plug of

## Most Suitable...

to the exacting palate of the connoisseur.

**"SALADA"**  
"Gold Label" Ceylon Tea outdraws and outclasses any other tea upon the market.

This is undeniable. Lead packets only. Black or Natural Green. 60c. per lb.

## BYRRH TONIC WINE

Specially recommended to convalescents after serious illness.

At Wine Merchants and Druggists

HUDON, HERBERT & CO., : : MONTREAL, : : AGENTS.



## Superb Skin

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'DARTRING LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

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'DARTRING LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

## THE HOME SAVINGS &amp; LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.  
IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854  
SOON TO BECOME

"THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."  
Assets, - \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES.  
OFFICE HOURS:—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

JAMES MASON,  
Managing Director.



## "READY" LUNCH BEEF

(CLARK'S)

Prepared by a new process which retains all the flavor and nutrition of prime beef.

Ask for it.  
CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS are simply delicious.  
W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

## Keep your Stomach Healthy.

When you get up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth that the tooth brush will not remove, a coating on your tongue, and a general "out of sorts" feeling, don't blame it on what you had to eat the night before. A healthy stomach would be able to look after that. It's poor digestion that makes you feel so badly. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water at rising will make you feel better—will cure you if you follow directions. Abbey's revivifies every organ of the body. It clears away fermenting matter and refreshes and cleanses the stomach. It prevents the suffering that often follows a pleasant evening.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

is a pleasant, palatable and effective medicine for all stomach ills.



SUPERB ALE  
INVIGORATING PORTER  
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.  
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO  
And of all License Holders  
Telephone Park 140

## Standard Brands:

India Pale Ale  
Amber Ale  
Half-and-Half  
Extra Stout

In Wood and Bottle

BREWED BY

Toronto Brewing Co.  
Simcoe St. Toronto

the asylum ahead of me. If they do the square thing by me there, they'll put me in cell 13, and give me a collection of foreign postage stamps to assort and paste in a book. Come around and see me; I don't think I'll be dangerous, and I guess likely I'll be highly amusing."—Tom P. Morgan in "Smart Set."

69 1-2 Yonge Street

is the address of the passenger office of the New York Central Railway, where full information regarding train service, etc., may be obtained.

He—If I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny? She—I think it would be grand.  
"It's hard to lose one's relatives," said the poor man, insinuatingly. "Hard" growled the millionaire. "Why, it's almost impossible."







## THE PIANOLA IN THE SUMMER HOME



On Yacht, in Country Club or Summer Home, music is always apropos and always welcome. If sufficiently good it will take precedent over every other means of entertainment.

The Pianola makes piano music available to every company.

And although it may be played by one who knows nothing of music, the result will be the same as though a brilliant pianist sat at the piano.

The vast collection of pieces of every kind of music prepared for the Pianola insures a programme suitable for all occasions and to every taste.

The Pianola is always appreciated, but in the summer time it is of especial value to hosts and those whose taste for music of the better class can in no other way be gratified.

In every civilized country of the world the Pianola is now recognized as a standard method of playing the piano. Failure to include a pianola with the other means of entertainment provided for a country home means that one of the most agreeable and pleasant features of modern summer life will not be realized.

**THE PIANOLA'S PHENOMENAL SUCCESS HAS INSPIRED MANY IMITATORS. THERE IS BUT ONE PIANOLA.**

The Pianola can be seen and played at our exposition-rooms or at the ware-rooms of any of our branches, and a personal opinion formed by both the novice and the skilled musician upon the benefit to be derived from its assistance.

A handsomely illustrated and descriptive brochure will be mailed to those desiring information, and all questions answered through our correspondence department.

The price of the Pianola is \$275.00. May be purchased by monthly payments if desired.

**The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited,  
32 King Street West, & Toronto**

ronto family, the McDonells. Lady Minto was presented with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses by Mrs. Campbell (nee Parker), formerly the secretary of the hospital board. Lady Minto paid a special visit to Mrs. William Clark's tent, where the wife of the Trinity professor is convalescing, and who was, as it happened, invited to dinner at the vice-regal residence on one evening this week. As the vice-regal carriage drove away Lady Minto made one of her pretty bows to two old men patients, who were mightily pleased at it. Among the ladies on the board of the Western are some of the prettiest and cleverest women in Toronto.

The vice-regal party bade farewell to Toronto on Wednesday evening, leaving behind them hundreds of regretful and devoted friends. Lord Minto, who has been sailing about in his new little boat, took the smart craft to Ottawa. Captain Bell, who has autos to burn, has taken one down with him to the Capital. Toronto owes many a pleasant hour and memory to the vice-regal pair and their party.

Miss Allie McKeough of Chatham is the guest of Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft. Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Mackeand of Chatham spent a short visit in Toronto last week. Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Selwyn are at the Arlington. They are to take up their residence in Madison avenue shortly. Mr. Alan Sullivan came down to Toronto last week. Miss Joan Arnoldi left for Minneapolis on a visit this week.

A maiden lady of certain age ordered some small fineries for personal wear at a swell London haberdasher's, and was amazed to receive one day lately an extensive "layette" for which some mama-to-be is doubtless wishing, more than the maiden lady wishes for her own annoyingly misdirected pretty lingerie. And the duty she had to pay has quite made a hole in her race meet purse.

### The Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

will open for the season June 21st. Specially low rates will be made for the month of June.

Winnett & Thompson, Proprietors.

### Hotel del Monte PRESTON SPRINGS, ONTARIO.

Fifty-five miles from Toronto.  
Altitude 800 feet above Lake Ontario.

A resort for health, comfort and recreation. The spring contains 275,906 grains medicinal properties per gallon, the highest percentage in Canada.

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### Grimsby Park

Canada's Greatest Summer Resort.

Full programme in July and August.  
Best preachers, singers, entertainers, lecturers.  
Bathing, boating, lawn bowling, tennis, quito, etc.  
Kindergarten and Physical Culture Classes without extra expense.  
Cottages to let at a very moderate rental.  
Park House opens May 23rd. Rates \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day.  
Lakeview Hotel, \$2.00; opens July 1st.  
For information regarding hotels or cottages, etc., address: The Grimsby Park Co., Grimsby, Ont.  
For programmes call at G.T.R. and C.P.R. offices, cor. Yonge and King, or write secretary, Rev. E. A. Chown, 31 Madison Avenue, Toronto.

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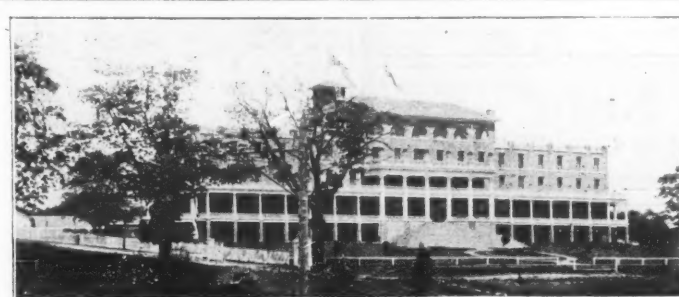
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James Esson  
PRESTON

Mrs. Beverley G. Marshall (nee Smallpeice) of New York is visiting her parents in South Parkdale.

## Social and Personal.

A marriage of interest to friends in Toronto was solemnized on Thursday, May 28, at Bryn Athyn, Pa. Mr. Robert Beebe Caldwell, son of Mr. R. B. Caldwell, inspector of the Ontario Bank here, and Mrs. Caldwell, was married to Miss Luella Pendleton, second daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Pendleton of Bryn Athyn. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, before a large number of guests, amid surroundings ideal in every respect, and a reception was held afterwards at the home of the bride's parents, where a happy gathering presented their good wishes to the very sweet and lovely bride and her husband. Mrs. Caldwell, the groom's mother, was present, having come down from Toronto for the event, and the groom's brother was also there from Chicago, where he is at present located. Among the guests who came from a distance to the wedding was Mr. Muir, formerly of the Ontario Bank here, where he and Mr. Caldwell were at one time co-workers. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell return shortly from their wedding trip to take up house-keeping in Pittsburgh, where Mr. Caldwell's business interests are.

The marriage of Mr. Harry Bourlier, only son of Mr. Henry Bourlier of Wellesley street, and Miss Nellie Akers, daughter of Mr. John Akers of Jarvis street, is arranged to take place on June 18.

The engagement of Miss Marie Louise Stout, second daughter of Mr. W. S. Stout, and Mr. Morton Billings Downs, son of Mr. Theodore Waldron Downs of Bridgeport, Conn., is announced.

An engagement of much interest is being quietly talked of among intimate friends of the principals, and will, I hear, be announced in a very short time.

Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., has returned from Victoria, B.C., and is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Harbert, at 27 Woodlawn avenue.

The marriage of Miss Smallpeice, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice of South Parkdale, to Mr. David E. Jennings of Montreal will take place this (Saturday) evening at the family residence in Dunn avenue. The Rev. D. C. Hossack of Daer Park will perform the ceremony.

Mr. W. R. Roche and family of 469 Jarvis street will move this week to Mr. G. A. Reid's house in Indian road, which they have taken for the summer months.

On Monday Lady Minto opened the operating-room donated by Colonel Pellett, Q.O.R., to Grace Hospital, and unveiled the fine portrait of the generous donor. The operating-room is a much-prized boon to the physicians and patients of the hospital. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn was with the reception party who welcomed the vice-regal party. On Tuesday morning Lady Minto drove out with Captain Graham to the Western Hospital and inspected the place, being particularly pleased with the tent and verandah hospitals, which are the distinguishing feature of the Western, and are rendered possible by the good luck of the institution in being located in the house and grounds of an old To-



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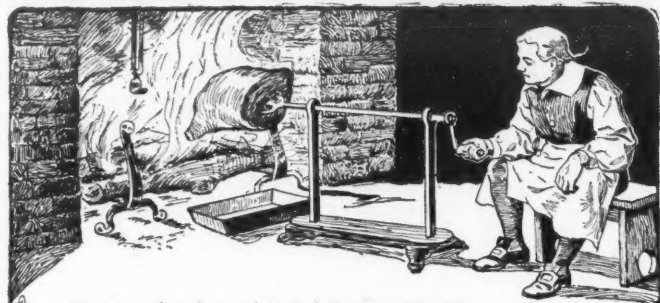
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### Social and Personal.

The Grey County Old Boys' Association have accepted the invitation of the Mayor and Council of Owen Sound to visit there from July 18 to 20, and an energetic committee is perfecting arrangements for the celebration.

Mr. H. J. Korman of Chicago, who has been spending the past week with his family in Bloor street east, leaves tonight for a two months' tour on the Continent. He is accompanied as far as New York by Mrs. D. A. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose J. Small and the Misses Korman.

St. Basil's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Monday morning, June 1, when Mr. Walter Graham Parsons was married to Miss Maude Catharine Boney. The bride, beautifully attired in a dress of white silk and wearing a veil, with wreath of orange blossoms, was attended by Miss Larena Crowe, who wore a dress of pale gray, trimmed with mousseline de soie and touches of pink velvet, and wearing a pink picture hat. Mr. Vivian Graham, cousin of the groom, was best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Brennan, assisted by Rev. Father Murray. Mr. Moore presided at the organ. After the ceremony the party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. The bride was the recipient of many and valuable gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons left for a two months' tour of the Lower Provinces and Newfoundland.

On Tuesday afternoon, at "Roselands," the residence of Mr. Adam Hall, Peterboro', a most interesting event took place, it being the marriage of his daughter Kate to Mr. W. Ernest Burns, barrister, of Vancouver, son of Mr. Nelson Burns, Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Torrance, assisted by Rev. J. H. Wilson. The bride wore a beautiful gown of embroidered chiffon over white satin, with veil and orange blossoms, and made a lovely picture as she entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of her father and attended by her bridesmaids, Miss Agnes Hall, her sister, and Miss Lillian Burns, sister of the groom. Her sole ornament was a necklace of pearls and turquoise, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were dressed in sun-pleated white crepe de chine, with picture hats of white tulle,

and carried huge bouquets of pink roses. The groomsmen were Dr. William D. Keith, formerly of Toronto. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, a perfect bower of beauty. The bride's going-away gown was a blue tailor-made, with Dresden trimmings, and worn with a white tulle skirt and Maltese lace waist. Mr. and Mrs. Burns left, amid showers of confetti and rice, on the five o'clock train, en route to the Coast, stopping along the line at Toronto, Winnipeg, Banff and Glacier. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Burns and the Misses Burns, Miss Margaret Keith, Mrs. Foxley, Mr. B. A. C. Craig, Mr. C. H. Partridge of Toronto, Dr. Keith of Baltimore, Mr. C. E. Bunting of Vancouver, Dr. and Mrs. Kirby of Ottawa, Mrs. McLagan of Vancouver, Miss Frances Gibson and Mr. Phil Alexander of Hamilton.

The last meeting of the Canadian Household Economic Association will, by kind permission of Mrs. J. L. Hughes, take the form of a social reunion of the members at Mrs. Hughes' summer home, Beech avenue, Balmy Beach, on Tuesday next, at 3 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Holman, Mrs. G. S. Sterling, Mrs. W. C. Mathews, Mrs. George Kerr, Miss L. F. Judge, Miss Kate Ross, Miss Nora Corcoran of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. William Clinton Brown of Prescott, Mrs. H. M. Neely of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. H. Patriarche of Winnipeg, Miss A. Wild of Rochester, Mrs. Duncan C. Boss of Strathroy, Miss M. Towner, Mrs. C. D. Stone, Miss E. Stone, Judge and Mrs. George A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kleinhaus of Buffalo, are among recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. George Bruenech, A.R.C.A., is in Norway. His English exhibitions have been very successful, and the artist is more than gratified at his patrons' appreciation.

A very pretty house wedding took place yesterday afternoon at three o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Whitten, 272 Jarvis street, when their daughter, Miss Gertrude Whitten, was married to Mr. Arthur Franklin Northcote, son of the late F. Northcote of Bowmanville. Rev. B. D. Thomas performed the ceremony. The bride wore white embroidered chif-

fon over white satin, with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid was the bride's sister, Margaret, who was gowned in pale blue over white, and carried pink roses. The groomsmen were the groom's twin brother, Mr. Norman Northcote. Among the many handsome presents received was a cabinet of silver from the firm for which Mr. Northcote is a traveler. Mr. and Mrs. Northcote left on the 5.20 train, amid showers of rice and the best wishes of their many friends.

One of the visiting guests at the races did so well with the bookies that her winnings went to purchase a splendid piece of jewelry, which she wore often before she left Toronto.

Many Toronto people who cherish kind memories of the Harman Browns since their residence in Toronto some years ago will read this item from "Town Topics" with great interest and appreciation. "Dr. John Bessner Huber will find a talented bride in Miss Lucetia Harman Brown, whom he will wed early in June. Miss Brown is the daughter of Mrs. William Harman Brown, who fifteen years ago was one of the great ladies of New York society. The loss of their fortune, which hastened Mr. Brown's death, caused her to retire from social activity. Her daughters, one of whom wrote cleverly, established a millinery shop, and with the patronage of their smart friends were more than successful. The wedding in Grace Church will be very quiet. Miss Harman Brown's clever pen has enriched the columns of "Saturday Night," and both here and in Barrie the family were most esteemed and very popular.

Much sympathy will go to Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe from his Toronto friends in the loss of his only daughter, Leo, a remarkably intelligent and thoughtful little girl of twelve. Leo had not been strong lately, but her death was a great shock.

### Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs.

There is no more delightful place in Canada in which to spend a holiday than the Del Monte, at Preston Springs. The town is delightfully situated within two hours' ride from Toronto, mid-distance between Hespeler and Galt. It is connected by electric railway with the towns mentioned, and a new electric road has



just been opened to Berlin. The surrounding country is beautiful, with magnificent roads affording splendid opportunity for driving or bicycling. Preston Springs, although within such a comparatively short distance from Toronto, is about 800 feet above the level of Lake Ontario. It enjoys dry, pure air, which, coupled with the medicinal quality of the Springs, combine to render this an ideal spot either for a tired-out business man or a jaded society belle.

### Cool Breezes.

During the time of hot weather an electric fan in the house is a luxury indeed. These fans are portable and may be used in any part of the house, being attached to any lamp socket by means of a cord and plug. A heated room may be quickly cooled by placing fan on window ledge and blowing the cool breezes into the room. The cost of running is a mere trifle.

The Toronto Electric Light Company have a large assortment of the best fans obtainable displayed at their showrooms at No. 12 Adelaide street east, and at greatly reduced prices.

### Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Savergerst of the Northeastern Savergerbund.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Twentieth Triennial National Savergerst of the Northeastern Savergerbund, at Baltimore, Md., June 15 to 20, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Baltimore from all stations on its lines, except Woodbury, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations, Columbia, Frederick, and intermediate stations on the Northern Central Railway, Lancaster, Harrisburg, and intermediate stations, and stations on the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad (exclusive of stations south of Townsend, Del., from which tickets will be sold), on June 13, 14 and 15, good for return passage until June 22, inclusive, at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus one dollar.

Side-trip tickets from Baltimore to Washington and return will be sold and good going June 18 and 19, at rate of \$1.00 for the round trip. These tickets will be good to return within two days, date of sale included, and will be valid on all trains except the Congressional Limited.

### Cheap Excursion to Denver.

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Col., at less than the one-way fare. Tickets on sale July 6, 7 and 8, good to return any time before August 31, 1903.

Passengers going via Detroit and over the great Wabash line can go via Chicago and Omaha, return through Kansas City and St. Louis without extra charge. This will give passengers the grand opportunity of seeing the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis. All Wabash trains stop at the Fair grounds. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who has just returned to England, is most complimentary in his references to musical conditions in Canada. It will be remembered that in those remarkable Musical Festivals, held from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Heintzman & Co. Piano was the exclusive choice of this great musician.

This tribute of praise but follows the praises that have come from the many other great artists who in recent years have found Canada a delightful spot for their musical tournees. Among the many who have eulogized this great Canadian-made piano—that this year celebrates its fiftieth jubilee—are the following:

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,  
Used exclusively in the great Festival Chorus.

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Conductor great Pittsburgh Orchestra, and used exclusively during their Canadian tour.

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The great English tenor.

Mlle. ANTOINETTE TREBELL,  
The famous vocalist.

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The world's greatest contralto.

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The world-famous pianist.

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### Saturday to Monday Excursion

Commences Saturday, June 6, for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, Clayton, N.Y., Thousand Islands, Brockville and Prescott, and every Saturday thereafter during season.

### Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal Line.

Steamers leave Toronto 7:30 p.m., Mondays and Thursdays till June 6; on and after June 9 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates on this line.

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
Lunnen—Rat Portage, May 26th, 1903, Mrs. H. E. Lunnen, a son.  
McEachern—June 1, Toronto Junction, Mrs. John McEachern, a daughter.  
Rice—May 23, Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Rice, a son.  
Smith—May 31, Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. B. Smith, a daughter.  
McCullum—May 30, Toronto, Mrs. T. E. B. McCullum, a son.  
Armstrong—May 27, Cobourg, Mrs. A. J. Armstrong, a daughter.  
Borland—May 28, Toronto, Mrs. John Borland, a daughter.  
Fox—May 24, Balmy Beach, Mrs. John Fox, a son.  
Rutherford—May 28, Chatham, Mrs. (Dr.) J. W. Rutherford, a son.

### Marriages.

Burns—Hall—June 2nd, Peterborough, Ont., William Ernest Burns to Catherine Mary Hall, a daughter.  
Bryant—Graham—May 29, Toronto, Ar-

thur Henry Bryant to Helen Lucy Graham.  
Pirie—Martin—May 28, Toronto, Dr. Alexander Howard Pirie to Ethel Martin.  
Webber—Cuthbertson—May 30, Rev. Geo. G. Webber to Florence C. Cuthbertson.  
McWilliams—Sheppard—June 3, Toronto, Victor H. McWilliams, M.D., to Josephine Gorham Sheppard.  
Sprott—Perry—June 1, Toronto, Arthur F. Sprott to Winnifred F. Perry.  
Rowland—Scholey—June 2, Toronto, Henry A. Rowland to Eva Scholey.  
Parmenter—Thorold—June 2, Toronto, Frank Dewar Parmenter to Mertie Ethel Thorold.  
Duncan—Clark—June 2, Toronto, Henry Bruce Duncan-Clark to Isabel Florence Clark.  
Evans—Smyth—June 3, Toronto, Frederick Percival Evans to Charlotte Mary Smyth.

### Deaths.

Lefevre—June 3, Lakeland, Mrs. Agnes Strickland Lully Lefevre.  
Hastings—June 3, Toronto, Charles Justin Hastings, aged 7 years.  
Gibbs—June 1, Toronto, Mrs. May Louise Gibbs.  
Sloan—June 1, Toronto, James A. Sloan, aged 63 years.  
Bolton—June 2, Toronto, John David Bolton, aged 1 year.  
Steward—June 1, Toronto, C. Ansell Steward.  
Spriggs—May 30, London, Eng., Mrs. Mary Ada Beatrice Spriggs, aged 24 years.  
Chalcraft—May 28, Toronto, William Edwin Chalcraft.  
Junor—May 28th, Toronto, George Junor, aged 72 years.  
Pense—May 27, Toronto, John Grass Pense.  
Gambler—Bonsfield—May 28, Toronto, Charles Adrian Gambler-Bonsfield, aged 4 years.

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